THE BYSTANDER
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OCTOBER 22, 1930
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LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E., on "My Cure for Unemployment"

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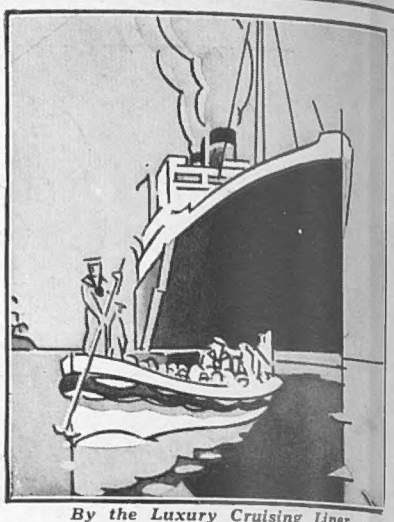

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The Bystander, October 22, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1401. Vol. CVIII

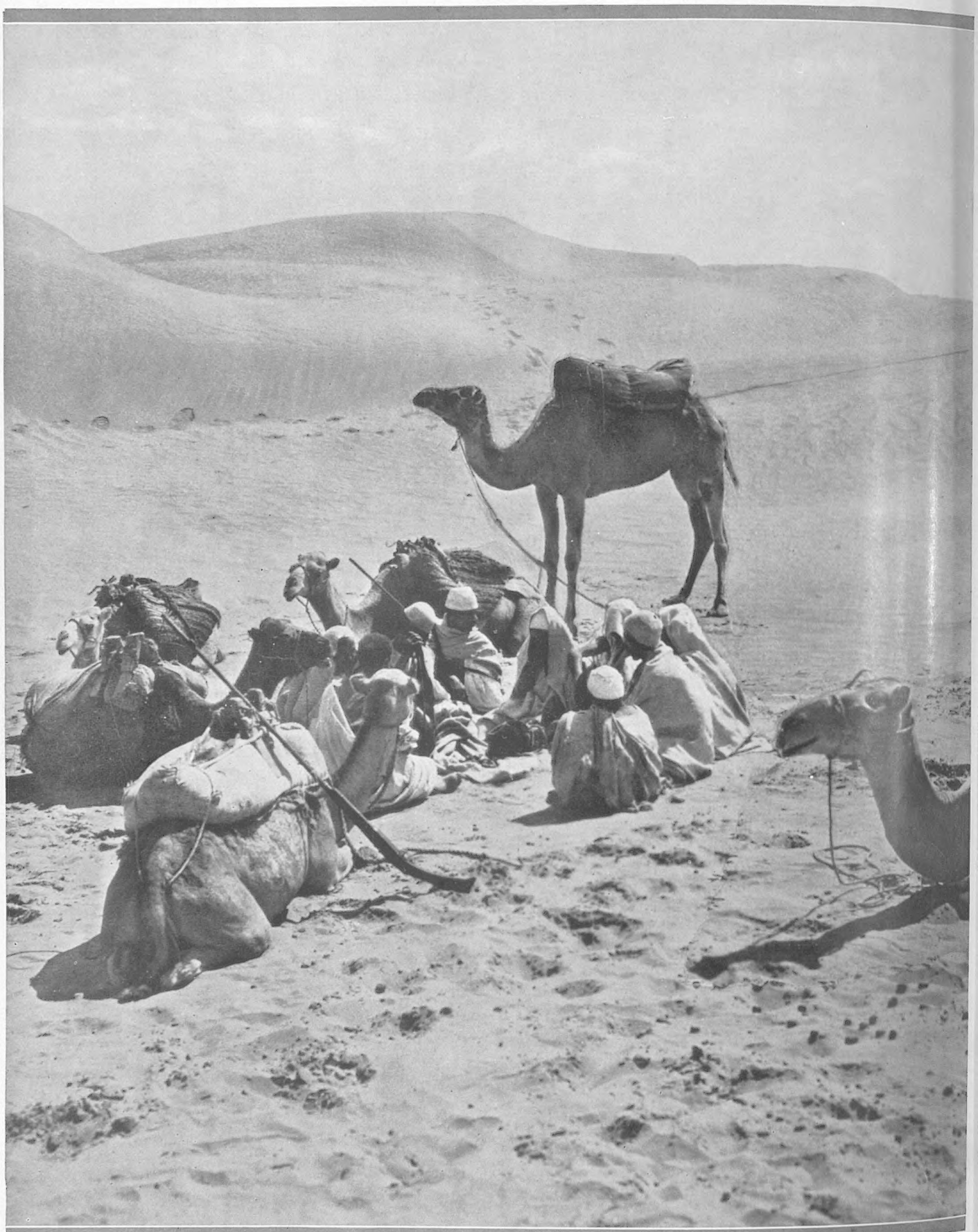
Specially drawn for THE BYSTANDER

BY HOWARD SMITH

CELIA JOHNSON

Who plays Doris Lea, the young woman whose love affair with Jim Warlock Gerald du Maurier), brings social ruin to that prosperous middle-aged barrister in "Cynara." This play, which is still doing very good business at the Playhouse, is by H. M. Harwood and R. Gore Browne

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD"



A hali in the desert between Gharian and Misda, in Tripoli. This country is an ideal place to visit during the winter months, for not only is it beautifully sunny and warm, but visitors can count on being exceptionally well looked after in every respect. Full details about Tripoli and its charms can be obtained free from the Compagnia Italiana Turismo, the Italian State Railways' Official Agency, at 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, S.W.1

The field fighting for position at the Bushes during the running of the Cesarewitch at Newmarket last week. The winner, the Aga Khan's Ut Majeur (Michael Beary up), is fourth from the right lying a little behind the leaders. The favourite, Friendship, finished second, Old Orkney being third

The Passing Hour

THOSE who chanced the weather at Newmarket were well rewarded—except by the bookmakers—on Cesarewitch day. The King was there again, just as he was throughout each day of the Two Thousand Guineas week. Although his luck at racing this year has been extremely poor, his interest in it seems to be as great, or even greater, than ever. If you were in the Members' Enclosure at Newmarket you could have seen him watching each race most carefully through his glasses, with his favourite white carnation adorning the buttonhole of his long black overcoat.

An Easy Winner

THE King rarely leaves the Members' Enclosure at Newmarket, but Princess Mary was out in the paddock a great deal. It is to be hoped that her interest in Richborough, which was paraded specially for her benefit, did not extend to his chances in the big race. Never have I seen a horse win with greater ease than Ut Majeur. A mile from home it had ceased to be a race. A lucky man is the Aga Khan.

Queens in Plenty

THERE are now no fewer than six queens and ex-queens in England. Our own Queen and the Queen of Norway are at Sandringham; the Queen of the Belgians is staying with King Albert at the Duke of Portland's

The Aga Khan at Newmarket after his horse, Ut Majeur, brought him yet another success by winning the Cesarewitch, with the winning jockey, Michael Beary. The Aga Khan heads the list of winning owners

Photographs Central Press and L.N.A.

THE OPENING OF THE LAW COURTS

Planet News

Mr. Justice Avory arriving at Westminster Abbey for the special service. He is the Senior Judge of the King's Bench Division and is known among the élite of the criminal classes as 'Orrible 'Orace

residence in Scotland; the Queen of Spain is at Kensington Palace; the Queen of Greece is staying at her usual address when in London; the ex-Queen of Portugal is at her house in Twickenham. That only leaves the Queens of Sweden, Denmark, Italy, and Rumania, who are at their respective palaces on the Continent.

Well Behaved

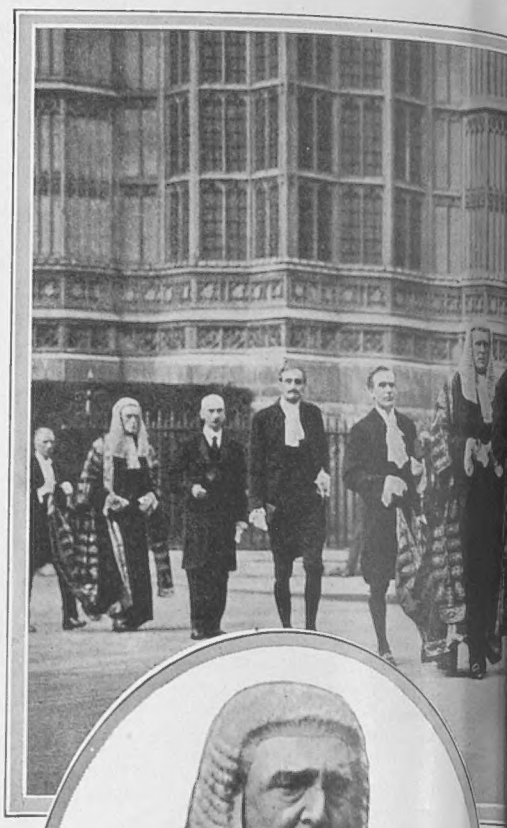
ENGLAND will always continue to be the most royal country in the world despite Socialism. It is also the only country the inhabitants of which do not press, shove, and stare when they happen to be in the presence of Royalty. The Queen of Spain can shop in Bond Street and the Queen of Norway can visit her favourite dressmaker in Grosvenor Street without any fuss. Imagine what would happen if they tried to make their way down Fifth Avenue!

What's in a Name?

WHATEVER labels may be given by the Dominion Premiers to their various brands of preference, protection, and tariffs, the fact remains that Lord Beaverbrook is the man responsible for any coming changes in that direction. It must have been very irritating for him to hear Mr. Bennett, the Canadian Premier, bitterly denouncing Empire Free Trade in the same breath

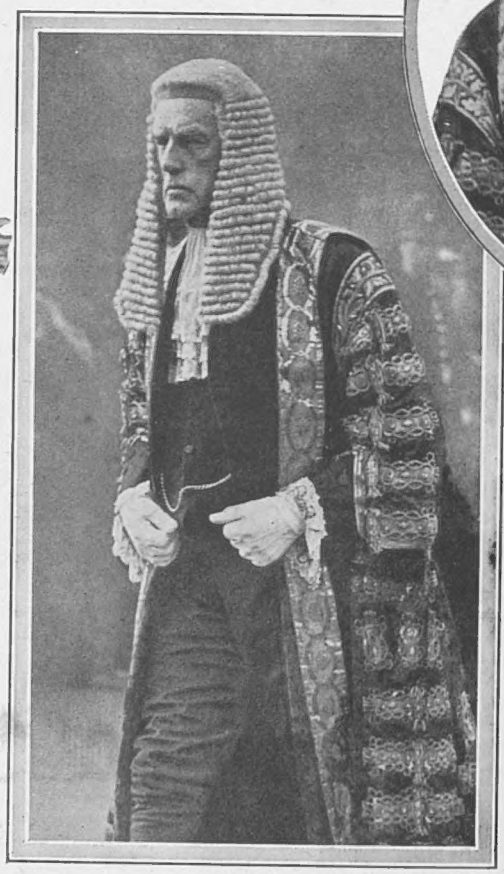
WHY DO OUR JUDGES LOOK SO GRIM?

Studies in expression at the reopening of the Law Courts last week



Sport and General

Lord Merrivale, looking far from merry, in the procession of Judges. He is President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division



L. N. A.

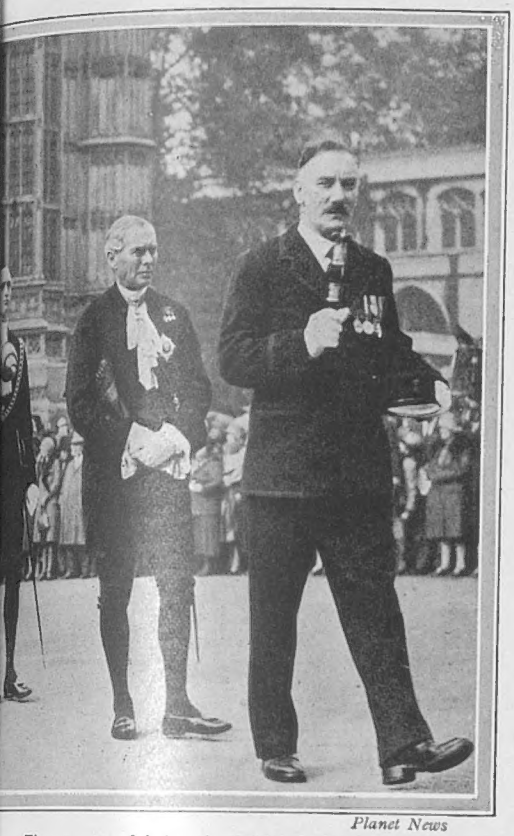
Lord Hanworth, the Master of the Rolls, arriving at the Abbey. Before his elevation to the Peerage he was Sir Ernest Pollock

that he advocated what was really almost exactly the identical scheme. Mr. Bennett could have made Lord Beaverbrook the greatest man in the Empire. He chose not to do so.

Sticking To It

MANY people have been saying that Lord Beaverbrook's illness was a purely political one. They have been quite wrong. As I pointed out the other day, he has been suffering from para-typhoid and was running a temperature of 101 deg. or higher for nearly a month. He is better now, but he is still by no means well. As long as the Imperial Conference continues, though, he

LORD BRENTFORD FLIES A KITE



Planet News

The procession of Judges, headed by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Sankey, leaving Westminster Abbey after the service which marked the reopening of the Law Courts for the Michaelmas Term. The Courts will be very busy until Christmas

will certainly deny himself a holiday, whatever the doctors may say.

An Aspirant ?

MEANTIME, the only possible explanation of Lord Brentford's speech last week is that "Jix" is bidding hard and high for the leadership of the Conservative Party. It was timed exactly to coincide with Mr. Baldwin's manifesto. Personally, like many other people, it is possible that "Jix" might do quite well as the party leader. His peerage makes his position more difficult, and he has been out of the limelight for some little time. But he did his job as Home Secretary very effectively, and he is not filled with a personal, unreasonable, implacable dislike for Lord Beaverbrook. He would not, in fact, cut off his own nose to spite his face.

A Motor Magnate's Visit

MOST of the party leaders were met by Henry Ford during his visit to this country. No newspapers, however, succeeded in interviewing him, although one enterprising editor asked him to report the Motor Show for his newspaper. Ford was greatly flattered, but his presence was needed again in America. The actual reason for his visit to Europe has not yet been disclosed. I believe, however, that I can supply the clue to it.

Why He Was Here

BRIEFLY, then, Italy is the only country in Europe that does not permit of the manufacture or reassembling of Ford motor cars. Mussolini is adamant on the subject. So Henry Ford came over to try to cut the Gordian knot—in other words, to buy, lock, stock and chassis, one of the most famous motor car firms in Italy. For this would enable him to do what he wanted with the plant and factory. Whether he has succeeded I do not know. But he lunched on at least one occasion with the head of the firm in London.

I suppose almost every reader of THE BYSTANDER who is in London has already been to the Motor Show at Olympia. They say that the total value of exhibits is £2,000,000. There are five Italian firms represented, two Belgian firms, eighteen French firms, seventeen American firms, one Austrian, one German (Mercédès, of course), and one Spanish.

For a Good Cause

DESPITE the success of the Motor Show, one realises that we live in

Fox Photos

Mr. Lloyd George in the rôle of farmer on his Surrey estate at Churt. Is he looking for his political flock that has gone sadly astray of late?

Topical

Capt. William Redmond, D.S.O., and Miss T. Mallick, of the Curragh, Co. Kildare, well-known in sporting circles in Ireland, whose engagement has been announced. Capt. Redmond is the leader of the National League Party in the Free State Government

ABYSSINIA STERN AND WILD

Central News

The bridesmaids and pages after the marriage (at St. Margaret's, Westminster), of the Hon. Somerset Maxwell and Miss Susan Roberts last week. The bridegroom is the only son of Lord and Lady Farnham, of Farnham, Co. Cavan

depressing times. Still, I think it would do lots of people good to pay two guineas to a good cause, have a good supper, which includes good champagne, as well as a little hilarity out of the dancing. This is a hint that the ball to be given on behalf of the ex-Services' Welfare Society on November 6 at the Hyde Park Hotel will be a good one. Lady Londonderry is the hostess; Lady Cholmondeley is the vice-president; Lady Leverhulme is the chairman, and Lady Bindon Blood the vice-chairman. The dancers and pipers of the Scots Guards will give a display, and boys from the Naval School at Greenwich will dance hornpipes. There will also be a reel, in which *everyone* will take part.

Abyssinia Bound

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER left last week for Addis Abeba to represent

Sport and General

The Hon. Somerset Maxwell and his bride leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster. They were usher and bridesmaid at the wedding of Lord Cowdray's daughter last summer

His Majesty at the coronation of Ras Tafari as Emperor of Abyssinia, and his journey is by no means an easy one, for the country he is visiting is certainly not remarkable for its facilities for comfortable transit. The five van loads of luggage which are accompanying the Duke will doubtless present no small problem in the matter of transport before the journey is completed, but as this luggage includes a beautiful specimen of the British goldsmith's art which His Majesty is sending as a gift to Ras Tafari—not to mention swords with jewelled gold hilts which the Duke will present to members of the Emperor's suite—great care will naturally be taken to ensure that it arrives in an undamaged condition.

In the Royal Party

AMONG others accompanying the Duke are the Earl of Airlie, Major Stanyforth, the Comptroller of the Duke's Household, and Capt. Edward Brook, and the party is assured some excellent shooting during their visit to Abyssinia. Whatever that ancient kingdom may lack in the way of modern improvements it can certainly provide the sportsman with an abundance of big game, and many of the cases accompanying the Duke contain sporting guns and hunting equipment, which will doubtless be put to good use during the visit of the British Mission.

Un-modernised

ABYSSINIA is a deliberately unmodernised country. It is the last of the African empires, and it forbids wireless, aeroplanes, telephones and telegraphs. Special correspondents and photographers from

The Marquess of Waterford and Miss Juliet Lindsay Square. Lord Waterford, who is a keen

SOME WEDDINGS AND AN ENGAGEMENT

Capt. Patrick James Murray Ellison, Grenadier Guards, and Miss Hermione Fisher-Rowe, the elder daughter of the late Major C. V. Fisher-Rowe, M.C., Grenadier Guards, and of Mrs. Fisher-Rowe. They were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, last week

Central News

After their recent wedding at St. George's, Hanover Sq. He is a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards

all over the globe will be congregating there in a few days' time, and how they are going to get their despatches and photographs to their respective destinations is at the moment something of a mystery. If it comes to that, so will be their accommodation also.

In London

LUXURIES as well as the necessities of life have never been cheaper since the War. I went into a restaurant last week and found that the price of a dozen Whitstable oysters was 2*s.* 6*d.* At West End shops with West End rentals to pay you can buy partridges at 4*s.* a brace. Grouse is similarly inexpensive. Indeed, if you want to buy almost anything, from pearls to pruning-hooks, now is the time if you have the money. There can never be such prices again, whether ticketed carpets, curtains, jumpers, frocks or anything else.

A Gaelic Linguist

THE Duke of Argyll took part in an impressive ceremony at the week-end in Argyllshire when he unveiled a cairn to Evan McColl, the Loch Fyne bard. Few other Scottish peers speak as good Gaelic as he does. The Duke of Argyll is a bachelor, and the day will come, I suppose, when the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell, Lord Beaverbrook's daughter, will be the Duchess of Argyll.

The Barber's Mistake

I CANNOT remember whether it was the Duke of Argyll's or the Duke of Atholl's father who was concerned in one of the best hairdresser stories I know. Anyway, one of these two dukes went to have a shave in Perth. The barber, who recognised him,

Lenare

MISS PAMELA BOWES-LYON

The only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Malcolm and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon and a cousin of the Duchess of York, whose engagement has been announced. She is to marry Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, R.A.F., the third son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon

MIXED FOURSOMES AT WORPLESDON

The finalists in the Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes Tournament at Worplesdon last week. Major C. O. Hezlet (Portrush) and his partner, Miss Molly Gourlay (Camberley Heath), last year's winners, are on the left, their opponents being Miss Diana Esmond (Chantilly) and Mr. Roger Wethered (Worplesdon). In the final, last year's winners again proved successful, beating their opponents by 5 and 4

Spor and General

was immensely excited. Having shaved down both sides of the ducal face he wished to deal with the ducal upper lip. Forgetful for the moment of the correct way of addressing a duke, he spluttered, "May it please your glory that I should hold your glory's nose for a moment?"

A Kit-Cat Charity Dance

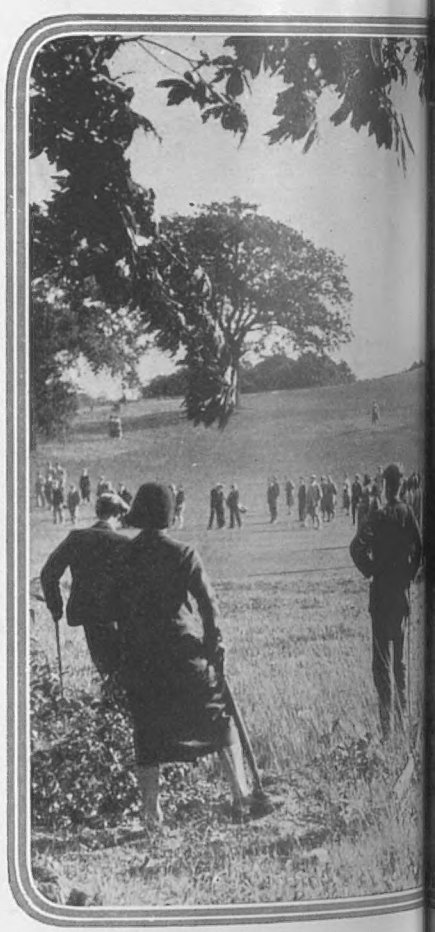
THE Kit-Cat is becoming an increasingly popular place for the giving of charity dances. In this it is a serious rival of the Park Lane Hotel and Grosvenor House. Next month, on the 18th, a cabaret ball is being given there on behalf of the Oxford House (Bethnal Green) Musical and Dramatic Association. For many years the people of Bethnal Green have appreciated, I am told, productions of opera, Shakespeare, and classical comedy at the Excelsior Hall, which belongs to Oxford House. The Queen herself attended one of these performances in 1927.

"Too Scared to Sleep"

THEY are modest men, these transatlantic flyers. At a party given the other night by Lady Peel (in private life Miss Beatrice Lillie) I met Lieut. Boyd, who flew over the other day in the Columbia. I asked him whether the desire to sleep did not become almost imperative after twenty hours or so of

Central Press

Miss Diana Fishwick, the British Open Champion, and the Hon. Michael Scott, who took part in the Open Scratch foursomes. They were beaten in the fourth round by Miss Esmond and Mr. Wethered, who reached the final



A view of the course at Worplesdon during the final ... the rough during the disastrous first round, in which ...

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

flying. "Oh, no," he said. "We were much too scared to want to sleep. The idea of drowsing off does not occur to you." He then spoke of the aeroplane, which he has just sold. It has belonged to several people in turn. Charles Levine, now in Paris, flew across the Atlantic in it three years ago. Last year it flew to the Bermudas and back. Now it has done the Atlantic again. It is the "Old Bill" of flying, and, by its sound performances during its long and adventurous career, has earned a niche in the Hall of Flying Fame.

Among the Guests

ANOTHER guest at this party was Lord Castlerosse, who has returned from New York, where he made large sums of money writing a column in the American style which was syndicated throughout the Hearst chain of newspapers; Serge Lifar, who still resolutely refuses to talk English; the beautiful Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes; Tallulah Bankhead; Mr. Duff Cooper; Mr. Leslie Henson, in day clothes, were others who made this party go with a swing until the large hours of the early morning.

Central Press

Miss Jean Hamilton in difficulties among the gorse bushes whilst playing in the Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon. She was partnered by Mr. A. G. S. Thompson

An Experienced Usher

THERE has been quite a glut of weddings during the past week. At one of them Mr. Edward Tatham was again an usher. He must be the champion usher of Europe, having taken people up the aisle several hundreds of times in the past ten years; but there is not, I believe, any superstition about ushers remaining bachelors in the way bridesmaids are supposed to remain spinsters if they play second fiddle at too many weddings.

Out of Season

AMONG the chief weddings were those of Lord Water-

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Followers of my hints will note that on occasions more than one horse I have named appears in the same race, thus setting a bit of a problem for the backer. I suggest a level each-way wager on each.

My selection for the Cambridgeshire is ARGONAUTE II.

Here are half-a-dozen more names to add to the list of horses to follow.

POLYPHANT has not been overraced and should benefit by his experience at Kempton Park. The colt set a terrific pace for five furlongs but was beaten close home. Was heavily backed.

VERNELLA carried big money at Kempton, but was never conspicuous. Was second in a field of twenty-one at Newmarket in May.

RALLY II, a French bred gelding, takes some driving, and is an unsuitable mount for an apprentice. On the book there was justification for a general gamble at Kempton, and losses will be recovered.

TULLYMORE must be followed with confidence. Started a short-priced favourite and showed great promise. Won a keenly contested five furlongs race at Sandown in July.

FORMENTOR was wagered on liberally at Newmarket, but had just a little too much to do. This son of Teddy should be followed. Was second to the smart Portlaw at York in August.

MARY COLT, an Irish trained youngster, is a nice mover but unfortunately for his supporters he never had a chance at Newmarket. Keep a watchful eye on him.

L.N.A.

...ed Foursomes. Mr. Roger Wethered is seen playing out of ...nor his partner, Miss Diana Esmond, seemed able to do ...t

L.N.A.

Miss Joyce Wethered made one of her now rare appearances in first-class golf, when she took part in the Scratch Mixed Foursomes last week. She and her partner, Lord Charles Hope, with whom she is seen, were beaten in the fourth round

ford and Miss Lindsay, Capt. Ellison and Miss Fisher-Rowe, as well as Mr. Somerset Maxwell's. I did not enquire where the young couples were going for their honeymoon, but it must have been a difficult choice. Almost everywhere is half-closed at the end of October, except, of course, Brioni.

At Nice Now

ANOTHER exception is Nice, where the Palais de la Méditerrané threw open its doors on Saturday, nearly a month earlier than last year. Most of the operas given last year will be repeated, and, it is promised, the services of the best authors and actors available will be secured. Meantime, the promenade in front of the Casino has been widened a good deal, and it looks as though Nice will have a good season. It was at Nice, by the way, that Maurice Chevalier was heckled by a member of the audience. Chevalier, indeed, has not had a very good time in public since his return from Hollywood.

And in Paris

IN Paris the Monseigneur (perhaps the smartest night club in France) has just had its reopening gala. The price of the champagne is "nobody's business," except that of the unfortunate who pays the bill. But it is always crowded. The most entertaining show in Paris is, I hear, Nudist Bar, at the Palace. This, I presume, is the French version of Wünderbar, the German show, which is coming to London soon under its original name.

The Mixture as Before

JOSEPHINE BAKER is at the Casino de Paris, where prospective theatre-goers are informed that the main items on the programme include the completely "Nu"; "Flesh and Marble," "The Black Venus," "The Exotic Idols," "Transparent Lace," and, of course, "The Storm on the Ocean." Altogether, it sounds to the experienced just like any other revue at the Casino de Paris, especially as there is a sketch called "Love and Electricity," and several ballets.

A Reminder

TO turn to subjects nearer home, the Motor Show, to which I have already made reference, is still going great guns, and THE BYSTANDER'S special Motoring Correspondent, Mr. E. M. Wright, carries on, on page iv in this number, the good work he began last week, and discusses many of the displays of outstanding interest at Olympia. So many notable exhibits are to be seen this year that it is quite an achievement to miss none of them.

MY CURE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

Oh! Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a good 'un heart and hand,
You're a credit to your calling and to all your native land,
May your luck be never failing, may your gal be ever true,
Oh! Tommy, Tommy Atkins, here's your country's love to you. —OLD SONG.

DECEIVING the nation by a cruel and heartless promise to wipe out unemployment put Mr. Ramsay MacDonald into power, and in one year the number of unemployed has been doubled, the Government callously admitting that they have nothing better to offer the people who trusted them than the same old degrading, heart-breaking dole—an insult so deep to English men and women that I am never surprised when I read of men committing suicide rather than be brought down so low as to have to accept it—and we are told nothing can alter this.

And yet, by pluck and pertinacity, Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere have destroyed and thrown on the dust-heap that mischievous old fraud, "Free Trade"—that also was declared impossible.

WERE I Prime Minister, really bent on remedying the evil of unemployment, my first act would be to train the many hundreds of thousands of poor fellows (despised by others and despising themselves, now in the hateful position of being paupers on the dole, to be *soldiers*, dressed in khaki, proud of themselves and proud of their calling—Soldiers of the King and Defenders of their Country—that would be a position no man could feel ashamed of.

So much nonsense has been written about militarism that it is quite time that that foolish bubble should also be pricked, and that men should realise that it is better to be able to fight for themselves and for those they love than to lie down and say "kick me" to every enemy, as they have been doing in India. Were this done, England—now fast becoming a nation of paupers—would at once become a nation of smart "men," with the upright carriage military training brings, and every girl who turned round to look at them would say, "By gosh! These are *men*!"

This would not prevent them being ready to follow their trade or calling when work was available—but those too weak or too old to work would, of course, be aided and looked after as they are now.

THIS is my cure for unemployment, and I believe every man would rise up and bless me for bringing him out of the hell and ignominy of being on the dole and unemployed.

But the Labour Government are a collection of faint hearts, much too frightened to do anything to help the workers they profess to care for—for the Soviet would not permit it—and the Soviet rules Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Government, and therefore rules England.

I wonder how long it will be before Englishmen will realise this, and will have the pluck and the spirit to say "get" to these wolves in sheep's clothing?

In every town in France has been posted up this notice:—

ENGLAND.

Under a Labour Government.

UNEMPLOYMENT—Increasing day by day—now well over 2,000,000.

TAXATION — Greatly increased and a further increase of taxation threatened.

FRANCE.

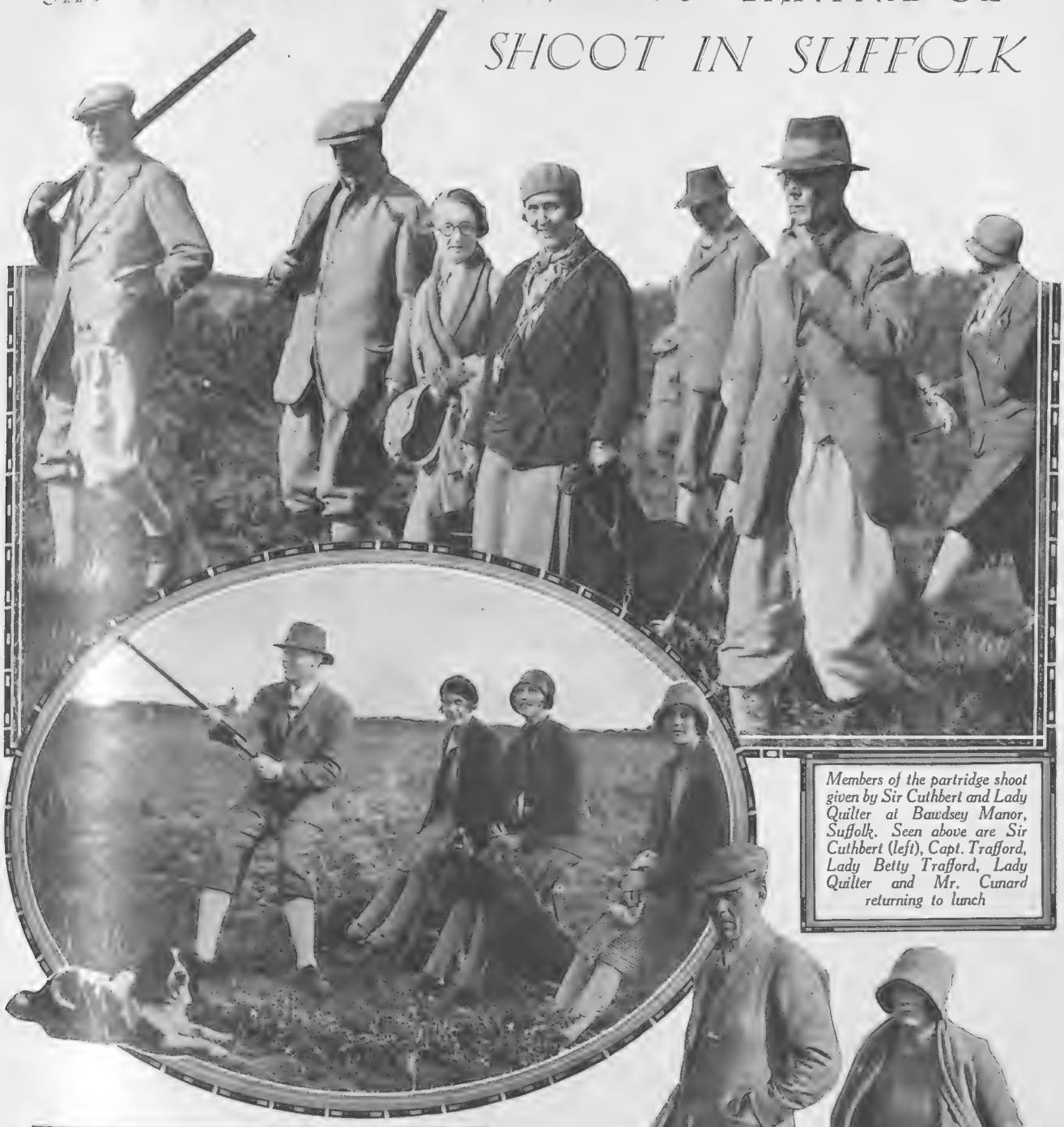
Under a patriotic Government.

NO UNEMPLOYMENT

TAXATION—Greatly lessened and a further decline in taxation expected.

There are two sorts of people in this world,
Two sorts only that matter;
Those who build up and achieve,
And those who drag down and shatter—
Socialists belong to the latter.

SIR CUTHBERT QUILTER'S PARTRIDGE SHOOT IN SUFFOLK



Members of the partridge shoot given by Sir Cuthbert and Lady Quilter at Bawdsey Manor, Suffolk. Seen above are Sir Cuthbert (left), Capt. Trafford, Lady Betty Trafford, Lady Quilter and Mr. Cunard returning to lunch

Mr Martineau, Miss Molly Barnett, Miss Quilter and Miss Zoe Quilter at the shoot

Mr. Raymond Quilter and Miss Fane with two of the retrievers

AT THE PLAY

FRENCH SATIRE WHI

"IT'S A BOY," AT THE STRAND THEATRE

To help a married man in distress, James Skippett (Leslie Henson) and Joe Piper (Sydney Howard) both conceive the idea of impersonating a female novelist. Not recognising each other, they indulge in cat-like badinage

"All that Glitters," at the Duke of York's Theatre

I REGRET to record that the brilliant start of the Little Season—which means big business for the theatres—has not been sustained. For instance, *All that Glitters*, a farce by Sydney Blow, produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, was sparkling only in its title.

THIS is the sort of entertainment one sees—and forgets. Dealing with the theft of a valuable ring the author exercises far more ingenuity in ringing the changes on its possessors than in providing a funny story or amusing situations. Unlike a very kindly disposed first-night audience, I found it difficult to raise even a semblance of a smile at the antics of these country folk, but I must admit to a certain amazement—amazement at the improbability of the finish of the play, and amazement at a piece of "business" which brings down the curtain on the first act, which struck me as vulgar without being funny. My sympathy went out to Mary Jerrold—one of our most appealing actresses—in having to waste her sweetness on this very enervating provincial air.

"Topaze," at the New Theatre

THIS play was also a great disappointment. Before it was produced we learnt that the French author, M. Marcel Pagnol, had made a fortune out of it. *Topaze* was a big success in Paris; it had been a "wow" in New York; Berlin had blessed it; Vienna had greeted it with salvos of applause, and no less than seventy companies had played it all over the world in about the same number of languages.

HERE, therefore, the Daniel Mayer Co. must have thought was a "sure fire" winner, and they gave it to Mr. Benn W. Levy to "do" into English from the French—or American. And having seen *Topaze* played by a most expensive cast at the New Theatre I cannot but think that either M. Marcel Pagnol is a very lucky man or he has been most unlucky in the choice of an adapter. I incline to the former alternative.

Joe Piper (Sydney Howard), posing as a novelist, male variety, receives a cold welcome from the parlour-maid, Peters (Muriel Montrose)

Mr. Eustace Bogle (Henry Crocker), a Round Pond yachtsman, and Mrs. Bogle (Connie Ediss) call on their married daughter, Mary Leake (Vesta Sylva), who suspects her husband of seeking another feminine attraction—on the anniversary of their wedding, too!

FAILS — By Vernon Woodhouse — SKETCHES OF "IT'S A BOY," AT THE STRAND THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

THE story deals with Topaze, a spineless assistant schoolmaster in a French school, who may have knowledge of a scholastic kind, but is supremely ignorant of boys and the world in general. Given his congé by the headmaster because he declines to alter the bad report of a dunce whose mother has been so fecund that she can send three more pupils to the school, he gets taken up by the mistress of a business man who lives by graft. This gentleman, for his nefarious plans, requires a dummy to sell all sorts of things to the Town Council of which he is a member. Unaware that he is assisting at fraud, Topaze accepts the well-paid post.

VERY soon afterwards Topaze discovers that the work on which he is engaged would bring him within the reach of the arm of the law, but he does not throw up his job, though very inclined to do so. But later on, by one of those most miraculous and sudden changes of character which only occur on the stage, he develops a backbone of such astounding strength that he hurls defiance at his chief, starts on a career of graft on his own account, and piles injury on injury by filching his chief's mistress for himself!

FRANKLY, I found the character of Topaze so utterly incredible that I could summon up but little interest in him or the play, and I am the more sure that *Topaze* is a bad one—in the English version, at all events—for the reason that it gives the cast so very few chances of making good.

I THINK that the company, as a whole, feel none too happy in their task. It struck me that they seemed puzzled to understand why this play had achieved success elsewhere and felt incapable of getting into the skin of these French characters. Topaze himself was played by Raymond Massey—a clever actor—with no attempt to make the alteration in the character plausible. In Acts I and II he was diffident, in Act III bold. What caused the all-too-sudden change was left entirely to the imagination by both author and actor.

FRANK CELLIER is another clever actor capable of taking all sorts of parts, but the swindling financier entirely eluded him. He hailed from a British bucket-shop. Rita Page in the small part of the headmaster's daughter brought the scent of English musical comedy across the footlights, and Sebastian Smith was a French assistant-master merely in name. Only Martita Hunt seemed to possess a knowledge of the French race, except, of course, Alice Delysia, who, speaking English with an accent, was too-too French for words.

THE efforts of this company were assisted by money lavished on scenery—the second act is really beautiful, but hardly indicative of a provincial salon—and an adaptation by a playwright of repute. Everything, indeed, that a management could do to command success has been done—except, perhaps, in securing a good play.

"It's a Boy," at the Strand Theatre

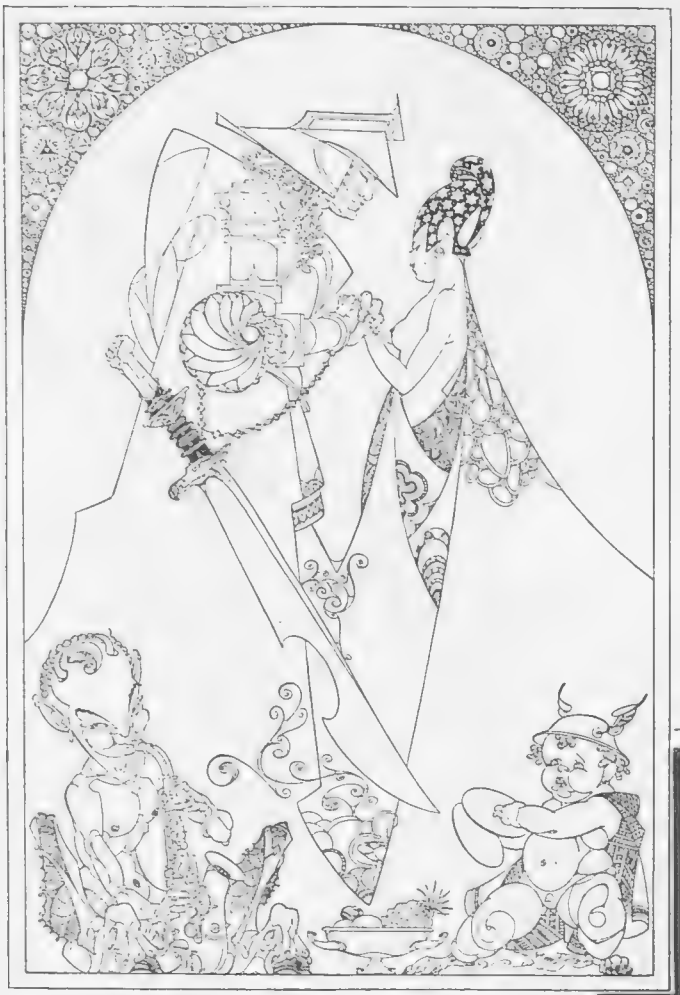
H. H. HARRIS, the artist, whose sketches of *It's a Boy*—reviewed last week—appear on these pages, tells me that the house was so full that he had to be accommodated in the wings at the Strand Theatre. In strictest confidence he tells me that the company appear to enjoy playing in this extraordinarily amusing farce as much as the audience enjoys seeing it.

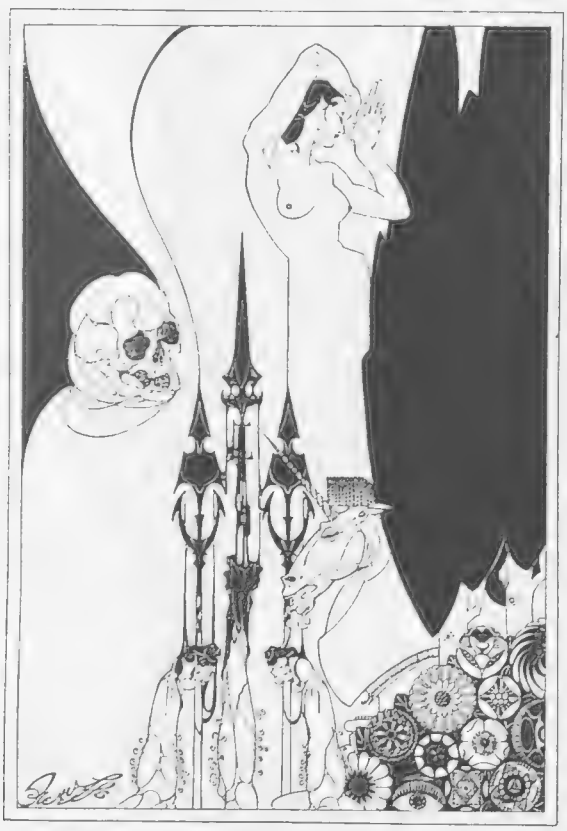
V. W.

Dudley Leake (Austin Melford), the suspected husband, caught out by Anita Gunn (Marjorie Brooks), the real novelist, while James Skippett (Leslie Henson), his friend and adviser, tries to think of some other plan for getting his pal out of his difficulty

A NEW AUBREY BEARDSLEY!

A sumptuous new edition of Marlowe's famous play, "Tamburlaine the Great," has been published by the Hesperides Press, illustrated by Mr. R. S. Sherriffs, whose technique is reminiscent of the late Aubrey Beardsley. The edition is limited to four hundred copies, of which three hundred and fifty are for sale at three guineas each. It will be interesting to see whether the illustrations of Mr. Sherriffs, three of which in reduced form are shown on this page, will cause a big price for this edition to be reached among collectors





The above illustrations to "Tamburlaine the Great" are Mr. R. S. Sherriffs' first essay at book illustration. These show that he has attained the richest decorative effects, which at the same time evoke the true spirit of the tragedy and add to the richness of the work. Mr. Edmund Dulac describes these illustrations as "some of Mr. Sherriffs' best work . . . and he must have been happy with 'Tamburlaine'"

BY WILL OWEN

SPORTSMAN: *"Beg pardon, Miss, but what price was Starfish?"*

If — — — Go

JUST by way of starting off on a note of gloom—we are going to try to cheer up a bit later on—I would draw attention to the fact that the trade figures, both import and export, are appallingly low for September. They show a decrease, by vast amounts, on previous years. By equally vast amounts the unemployed figures have risen. There are more people not only hard-up, but on the margin of existence, than ever there were, and hundreds of thousands are kept from starvation only by a dole which is handed round in an utterly spendthrift fashion. Industrially and socially England is worse off than she was in October, 1929, and infinitely worse off than she was in October, 1928.

NOW, the Labour Government are very fond of saying that all this depression and distress has nothing to do with them or with their policy. They talk airily of "world causes," and of the distress in other countries (which, except in the case of Russia, which they do not mention, is in no case comparable to our own trouble). I do not believe in such excuses of the Socialists. I do not believe that the mess we have got ourselves into is due, in the main, to anything other than spending more on social services (i.e., bribing the electors) than we can afford, and to clinging in purblind prejudice to a fiscal system which may have worked well enough in the 'forties (always called, let us not forget, the "hungry 'forties") but which to-day, with tariff-protected countries all round us, dumping and under-selling, is ludicrously out of date. But this does not worry your Socialist politician in the least. He (or she) considers any stick good enough for having a smack at Capitalism, and he (or she) is conveniently oblivious of promises made in order to bring about the defeat of political opponents when once that defeat has been secured, and a seat in Parliament has been won.

"I should like to have been a film actress, they lead such a diversified life"

"Surely you mean 'divorcified,' my dear!"

By Starr Wood

LET us dig up just one promise made by a Socialist politician—in this case a "she." Speaking in the House of Commons on May 1st, 1928, when a Conservative Government was in power, Miss Susan Lawrence delivered herself of the following mouthful: "Human misery almost impossible to contemplate will continue to happen to the unemployed if by any misfortune the present Minister of Health and the present Government are allowed to remain in control. But if we (the Socialists) come back we will end the misery, the hunger, the

Sport and General

Sir John Lavery putting the finishing touches to his portrait of Lord Lonsdale. It will be observed that he has included the famous sportsman's inevitable cigar in the portrait

ip We Must.

Stage Photo Co.

Psmith (Basil Foster) chats with the lift man (Edward Chapman) whilst waiting to meet a young man in answer to an advertisement, in a scene from "Leave it to Psmith," the P. G. Wodehouse comedy at the Shaftesbury. The fact that the advertiser has asked Psmith to wear a pink rhododendron (in mistake for a carnation) so that he can identify him easily, detracts somewhat from the immaculateness of Psmith's sartorial effect

Prunella Stack and Eileen MacMurray busy registering joie de vivre whilst rehearsing for a demonstration at the first meeting of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, to take place in Ireland. Belfast was the place selected for the first demonstration

L.N.A.

starvation. These are things which a Labour Government can cure within three weeks of coming into office. These things, as I say, can be done *in three weeks.*"

THREE weeks! It is a favourite pair of words with female weavers of romance. Elinor Glyn used it as a title for one of her most lucrative pieces of fiction. Three Weeks! It is eighteen months since the Labour Government took office, and "human misery almost impossible to contemplate" continues, and has been thriving and increasing since Miss Lawrence and her friends were so positive that they could sweep it away in twenty-one days.

NOW, Miss Susan Lawrence is either unsophisticated or she must have known perfectly well that she was talking Utopian twaddle, and that the only object in talking such twaddle is that plenty of electors may be found to believe it—as dishonourable and as cruel a piece of vote-catching as I have ever known. Miss Lawrence can take her choice; she cannot have it both ways. And my own convinced opinion is that Miss Susan Lawrence is the very reverse of —unsophisticated.

I HAVE heard many criticisms, none of them appearing in print, of the pomp and pageantry of the obsequies of the unfortunate victims of the R101 disaster. It has been rather more than whispered that the thing

Stage Photo Co.

"OLÈ! OLÈ! ESPAÑA!"

The Senoritas Lola Cordoba (left) and Lucita Torres, who are among the company in the new Spanish Song and Dance show, which started at the Coliseum last week

The June Dancers in "Disques," the music to which is by Glinka. Under the leadership of June Radbourne, whose aim has been to develop character dancing without being "highbrow," but on lines which will get away from the monotony of many existing dance acts, they will start a season at the Piccadilly Hotel next month

was overdone, that undue fuss was made, considering that those who perished were, while indisputably brave and splendid fellows, simply going about their business, that nothing much is said when people perish in a railway smash, and when men suffocate horribly in a coal mine, and so forth. I do not think we need harp too much on this. If the St. Paul's service and the procession through the streets assuaged one iota of the grief of the relatives, both are justified. Besides, France set the pace, and we could scarcely have done less.

THIS is no party question, of course. Conservative Governments, no less than the Socialists, have sanctioned expenditure on these useless, costly and dangerous gasbags. But what the present Government can do, now that the gallant but misguided man who prodded them into wasting money on airships has perished, is to see to it not only that nothing more is spent on lighter-than-air machines, but that a good deal more is spent on heavier-than-air machines. There is a pretty general feeling, both inside and outside the R.A.F., that there has been a tendency to pour out cash on airships at the expense of aeroplanes. Which is a very grievous and foolish thing to do.

THE concert season has opened. Dr. Mengelberg, from Holland (where the tulips come from), has poured new life into the London Symphony Orchestra, which was growing a bit creaky in the joints, and the venerable Royal Philharmonic Society has emerged, aged 117, from its summer sleep. If, however, the B.B.C. goes on as it is going on now, both these orchestras will have to go out of existence altogether. They simply will not be able to stand the competition of a heavily subsidised rival. To Sir John Reith, who is an impressive-looking person with a Mussolini make-up, I would point out that the B.B.C. can, and do, give concerts that cost £1,000 and that take £300, because they are too wealthy (with public money) to worry about any loss.

THE "Phil." has to rely not only on the "gate money," but on guarantors and donations, the money coming largely from professional musicians, not at all a wealthy class. The B.B.C. subscription terms are far lower than any unsubsidised body could offer. In addition, they bribe players with huge fees in order to secure their exclusive services. The enormous loss on each B.B.C. concert is met by money collected through the Post Office *for broadcasting and for broadcasting alone*. Thus, old-established competitors are being defeated by what is merely a side-line for the wealthy B.B.C. The Royal Philharmonic Society has a great reputation on the Continent and in America. It stands for the historical tradition of British music. The B.B.C. stands for nothing of the sort—and "B.B.C." sounds all wrong, anyway. If the B.B.C. honestly aims at the improvement of British music it should co-operate with existing societies and not crush them.

OVER music in London of a lighter sort there is less controversy. The "little season" is staggering along fairly successfully. People do not, I am told, spend anything like

By Frank Ford

"There you go, clumsy! You'll be gettin' this 'ere purfession a bad nime if yer ain't careful!"

THE CINDERELLA OF SPORT

In the Anthology of Sporting Verse by E. B. Osborn, published by Collins at 6s., Lawn Tennis is about the only great sport which finds no place of honour.

COME all ye bards, take pen in hand
And hymn the praises of Lawn Tennis,
Belauding all that mighty band
Who spend their time, their strength, their pennies
In following that sporting cult
Which judges players by the "net" result.

Come, praise the players one and all
From "Bunny" Austin back to Ritchie,
Possesser of that silvered tongue
And courtly way with umpires which he
Exploits so well to soothe the doubts
Of tyros ignorant of "ins" and "outs."

Phlegmatic Mishu, Ryan gay
And Helen Wills whose each expression
Reflects in quite astounding way
Her thoughts of gladness and depression
Are all deserving of the praise
Of those whose lays laud those who do not laze.

But what, I feel, would stir the Muse
To heights of real poetic rapture
Would be young men who did not lose
But proved their merit with the capture
Of ONE event in U.S.A.—
Alas, though, we seem nowhere near that day! *B. W.*

the money in restaurants, etc., that they formerly did, for the excellent reason that they have not got the money to spend. It is an exception to find champagne being ordered. But they do certainly go to restaurants, even if they are comparatively frugal when they get there, and make a chop and a whisky and soda go a very long way. Moreover, they are enjoying cabaret entertainments again. Primarily the more gay resorts are patronised for dancing, and the better the jazz band the more extensive the patronage is likely to be. Yet a good cabaret is now reckoned to be vastly important. I do not mean those noisy and elaborate revues that used to take place during supper-time, when chorus girls, muscular about the thighs, would kick their way round the tables, making husbands goggle-eyed and wives "sniffy." The ideal cabaret is short, quiet, and as amusing as may be.

As to bands, I have come across a couple of exceptionally good ones within the last night or two. And they are not too noisy. I refer, in the first place, to Billy Cotton's band at Ciro's. The members of this look A—erican and make American sounds; business is business, and I suppose they have to. Yet every man of them is an Englishman or a Scotsman. Sid Bright has, too, a most efficient crowd at the Piccadilly Hotel—always a good spot. Bright's bright boys get hold of the very latest tunes, and play 'em well, too.

Sasha

"WE THREE"

Edward Cooper, Queenie Leonard, and Effie Atherton, whose cabaret turn is remarkably clever. They are appearing every evening at the Café Anglais, and will shortly appear at Ciro's

A WEEK or so ago I had occasion to complain of wind-instrument players in restaurant orchestras who stand up, with a shaft of limelight on them, blare and blast all conversation to pieces and set the ear-drums a-tingling. I suspect they are bribed by the Amalgamated Association of Aural Specialists. So let us give a pat on the back to one Roy Fox, who is billed as "the whispering cornetist," and lives up to his title. You can hear him—only just, though—at the Café de Paris, and he makes no more noise than did the "whispering baritone."

Wendy Toye, the thirteen-year-old dancer who appeared in the ballet "Pomona," which was included in the Camargo Society's first show recently. The society has been formed with the object of producing British ballets

Douglas

The Serious Side of Fashion

By Blanche B. Elliott

A simple cap by Agnés in orange tricot that drapes over to one side to tie in a knot. There is an increasing vogue to show a roll of hair on the nape of the neck *Model Agnés*

YES, it has a *most* serious side, this fashion business, and, as we all insist on being serious when we aren't being depressed in this year of grace 1930, this should be a popular topic!

UNDER a seemingly frivolous guise, Madame Fashion is a serious and insistent lady. There is certainly a method in her madness, and her dictates, even when extravagant, merit grave attention. It would, of course, be quite superfluous to make such a statement either in France or the States, where feminine opinion is held so high; but in England, where men and men's opinion (and often extremely silly men with even sillier opinions) hold sway, it seems necessary for a mere woman to affirm hers when she has a chance!

WELL, so important a rôle does fashion play in so many of the staple trades and industries of this country that it is a great turning point on which our success may depend. Still, numbers of our manufacturers continue to ignore it. To-day fashion is becoming more and more important. Everyone wants the "new line," whether it be in frocks, coats, or hats, and, whether you, as an individual, may approve or not of this modern phase—can you stop it? After all, doesn't it show a laudable desire to keep abreast of the times? No one that I have ever met seems to "object" because one year, for no apparent reason, cars have lower tops, longer or shorter bodies, special gadgets on them, or that the taste in architecture or furniture changes. But let woman alter the length of her skirt, and every long-haired scribe with vitriolic pen thinks she is fair game for his invariably misinformed abuse and—almost worse—advice!

WELL, she *has* lengthened her skirts, and he will have to bear it! More, she is now adopting trousers for sport, for the seaside, for the boudoir, as well as for bed—and he will have to bear that, too! The pity is that our manufacturers, whose job it is to follow closely what the fair lady wants who is to buy his products (not only here, but in the land of his competitors), is so often misled by what he reads about it in what should be the legitimate sources of his

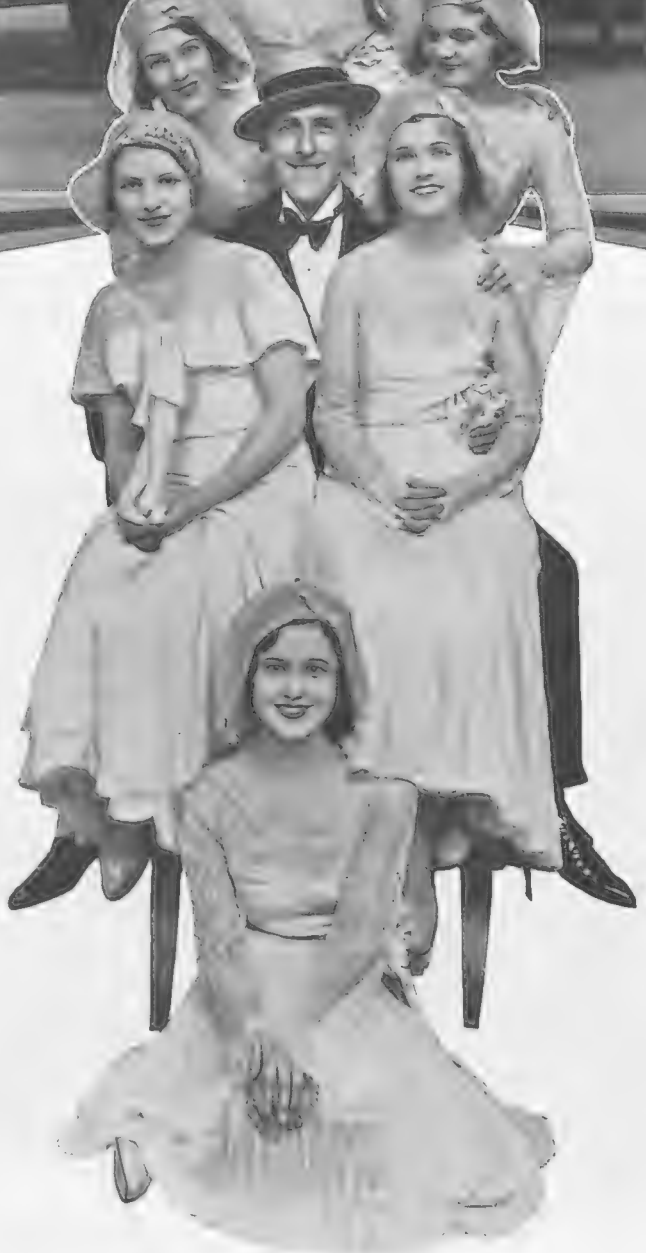
(*Continued on page 202*)

Schiaparelli uses an unusual trimming on this sports suit of grey tricot by making a knitted ribbed stitch-on collar and cuffs in grey and white. The sleeves show the new line with the fullness towards the elbow *Model Schiaparelli*

"FOLLOW A STAR": At the Winter Garden Theatre

Photograph, Stage Photo Co.

It is a new idea for a cabaret star not only to act in musical comedy, but, when the play is over, to walk out of the character she has been representing and "do a turn" as herself in front of tableaux curtains. These are the dual rôles played by Sophie Tucker, seen above with her accompanist, Ted Shapiro, at the Winter Garden Theatre in "Follow a Star." Most of Sophie Tucker's songs, like the stories of Mr. Joseph Lebanon, possess either no meaning or else two, and that may be one of the reasons for her success with sophisticated audiences



On the left is a picture from one of the musical numbers in "Follow a Star," showing Jack Hulbert in what, to many, will appear a most enviable position. This features one of his few moments of repose, for most of the time he is executing a variety of steps in a variety of clothes indicative of a variety of characters. Quite apart from Sophie Tucker's songs, "Follow a Star" is one of the most popular of the lighter autumn productions and is drawing large audiences to what was once the old Mogul music-hall at every performance

A lovely Lelong evening frock in satin beauté. The bodice closely moulds the figure to a pointed line on the hip, whence the full skirt falls in uneven points to the ground *Model Lucien Lelong*

inspiration. He is up against others who are only too anxious to produce what she wants, while he sits back and disapproves or doesn't grasp the novelty. He is then very apt to find his merchandise on his hands because he is "behind the times."

ABLY abetting him in his lack of enterprise is the average dowdy Englishwoman, generally of the upper middle and aristocratic class, who is too lazy or careless to "bother" about fashion. How many do we all know who may possess lovely houses, priceless furniture, gardens laid out in perfect taste, and yet neglect their own appearance, possess unmanicured nails, wear shapeless, old-fashioned garments until they look like charwomen in their own perfect setting. For (though I be killed for it) I will say that between the dowdy Englishwoman who doesn't care, and the stupid, unprogressive manufacturer who won't think, our dress trade is rapidly going to other countries! And this is so serious a subject that a conscientious fashion reporter has simply *got* to mention it—even at the risk of seeming tiresome!

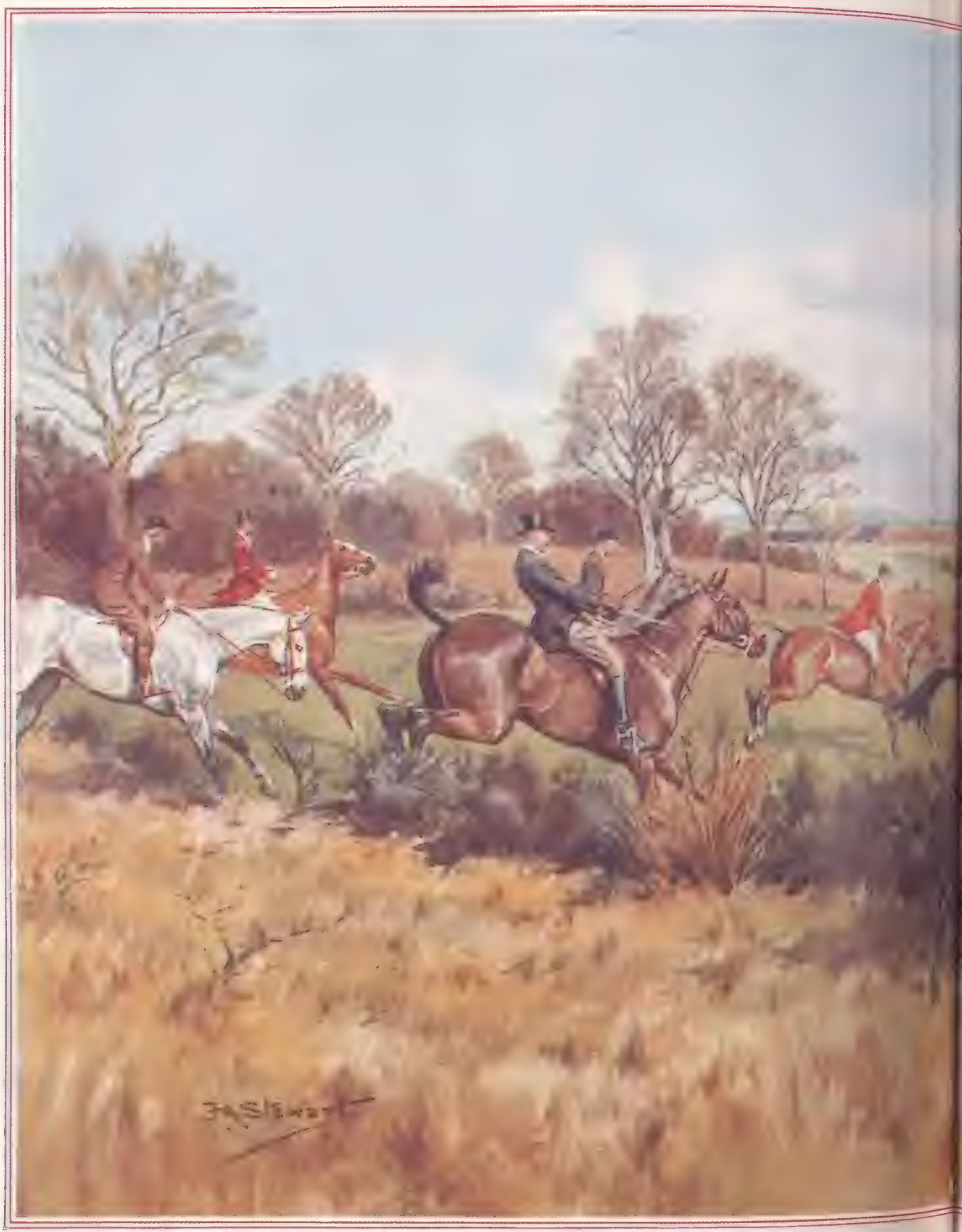
ONE is invariably told that English men don't like their wives to look smart. Well, what about that two million superfluous women we are always being told about who haven't *got* husbands to please? Can't they at least make the best of one of the few advantages they *do* possess and be cheery about it? Because dressing well is really lots of fun! A witty American I spoke to recently on the subject said he thought being badly dressed was a matter of religion with most Englishwomen. So many of them think it isn't quite "nice" to be smart! One hears we are becoming less religious; but *are* we, I wonder, becoming more beautiful?

THAT it doesn't matter so much about what we put on as to *how* we put it on is daily becoming more apparent. The new hats alone are teaching us much. The slim-bodied frocks have forced us to improve our figures. Everyone is realising the increasing importance of a little more attention to their health and skin; a little "make-up," even though it only be some cold cream massaged into the face at night and morning, a touch of rouge or lipstick, the shining tresses that good brushing alone gives, the subtle darkening of an eyelash or eyebrow—this, believe me, dear ladies, is not "wicked"—not half so bad, for instance, as saying unpleasant things about the lady who lives next door. Isn't it merely a striving to find beauty in everything—even though it only be in our own poor persons?

AND what I really meant to say about some amusing hats I have seen (before I got so breathless and led away!) will now have to keep till next week. They certainly *do* take a lot of wearing, and the one-sided cult *does* give even the most serious a debonair expression! B. B. E.

BY BROADHOOL CARTER

AN OLYMPIAN GOD



IN THE CRAV

A typical piece of Craven country looking towards Boxford from Snelsmore Common. The Craven, which was exhibi... few fences of any kind are found, whilst in the...

(Copies of this coloured print, by F. A. Stewart, proofed on plate paper, may be obtained from the publisher, post f...

BY F. A. STEWART

EN COUNTRY

ed in 1739, hunts parts of Berkshire, Hampshire and Wiltshire, and in the northern part large rolling downs with oth and central districts banks are most usual

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The KEEPER

BY ETHEL MANNIN

THERE can be no denying that from the conventional point of view this is a frankly shocking story. On the other hand, really all that is required to restore it to propriety is a little readjustment of preconceived ideas. After all, men have been keeping women for centuries, and no one finds it in the least shocking; women, indeed, regard it as their "right"; but, as Gayley pointed out to Wanda Croom, nowadays it's the women who have all the money, so why shouldn't they take their turn at this keeping business? Particularly when there are so many men to-day who so badly need to be kept by someone, and, as Gayley said, when you think of all the useless women who clutter up the earth, yet contrive to find someone to support them all the days of their life, and of the men who could really do something useful in life if only they could be cured of the hand-to-mouth disease with which they are afflicted . . . well, when you think of that you begin to see, or should do, that this story of a kept man is not as shocking as it may at the first reaction seem.

THERE was every reason why Gayley should be kept, and why Wanda should be the person to do it. Wanda had more money than she knew what to do with, and not the slightest appreciation of intelligent spending. She was utterly vulgar—and Gayley was something very nearly approximating to a genius. He was a sculptor, and one with something new to say, and a sculptor needs materials, and expensive materials at that. It is not like being a writer, when all you need is a cheap pad of paper and an indelible pencil; nor can you knock off "a little thing" for the papers when you run short of a few guineas to pay the arrears on the milk and bread and laundry bills. Gayley had a theory that genius ought not to be *required* to pay its way in the vulgar mundane manner, but somehow he never—for all his intense personal charm—contrived to make his creditors see eye to eye with him on that subject.

"You'd think the world would be so darned glad of a little unspoiled genius that it would see to it that it was Government subsidised," he would complain, "instead of harassing it by the necessity to earn its living."

He had never met Wanda Croom at the time when he decided that she was the most suitable person in the country to keep him. He knew all about her, of course. There was a time when it was impossible not to know all about Wanda Croom, her marryings, her unmarryings, her parties. She was photographed arriving at Burlington House on private view day, at Ascot, at Lord's, at point-to-point meetings, in hunt ball groups, in the garden of her country house, in the drawing-room of her London one, at Deauville, Biarritz, Cairo—wherever was the correct place to be, there Wanda could be found at the correct time, blazing with diamonds and festooned with pearls. "That revolting woman," Gayley remarked to a painter friend one night at the Café Royal, and decided that she should keep him for her sins of vulgarity.

He could think of no other way of getting himself introduced to her, so one morning he went into Bond Street and got himself knocked down by her enormous yellow super car. He wore a blue shirt for the occasion, because when he wore blue shirts his eyes always looked bluer, and he could, he knew, do a lot with his eyes, and it is well known that women adore blue-eyed young men—particularly when the young men have shining golden hair with a wave to it, and the women themselves are not so young or slender any more. . . .

Gayley, lying limply on the grey velvet of Wanda's car, looked all that he hoped he would look—very young and "interesting" and appealing. . . . Wanda thought him unconscious—as he intended she should—and regarded him long enough to take in his beauty and decide that he really was The Most Beautiful Young Man she had ever seen. Then it only wanted for Gayley to open his eyes and stream blue fire upon her for the conquest to be complete. She hoped he wasn't too badly hurt—and took him to her house in Mayfair and gave him champagne and caviare sandwiches . . . after which he stayed to lunch and got so drunk that he simply didn't care. He took Wanda's plump hand and told her she was the one woman he had always wanted to meet and never dreamed existed in this cynical, mercenary world—a sweet, good, really kind woman. . . .

"Women are so seldom kind," he said wistfully, "really kind, I mean, without any ulterior motive. There isn't really much kindness in life at all."

It is to his everlasting credit that he didn't spin any yarn; he came straight to the point once he had won his way by sheer boyish charm and wistfulness into Wanda's fluttering-furtively fifty heart. He announced straight out that he wanted to be kept for a few years until he had done the work he wanted to do.

"You," he said, "have been kept for thirty years by three different men"—which was true, for Wanda had married at twenty, and she was now nearly fifty, and she had been married three times, and never in her life earned a penny. "Every powder-puff, every hairpin you have ever used, every mouthful of food you have ever eaten, every pleasure you have ever enjoyed, has been provided for you by some man," he pointed out, "and there was never any reason why you should be so supported. I, on the other hand, have been scrounging a living ever since I was twelve years old—and I've been so busy earning in order to live, and living in order to earn, that I've had no time to earn life and do the work that it's in me to do. I've got a flame in me that not one person in a hundred has—if you don't believe me come to my studio and see the work I've done under difficult circumstances, and then you'll have some idea of what I could do if I weren't everlastingly harassed by practical problems—such as whether I can afford a new pair of shoes, and how on earth I can borrow any more from anyone."

WANDA was completely at a loss. The young man's proposition was, of course, preposterous . . . she ought to be indignant and order him out of the house . . . she ought to say, "Well, I never!" But the "Well-I-never-heard-such-impudence" of her conventional reaction was overridden by the "Well-I-never-saw-such-a-beautiful-young-man" of her instinctive feminine reaction. And, after all, a good many of her friends, and one of them a countess at that, paid gigolos to dance—in more ways than the terpsichorean sense—attendance on them. . . . It wasn't as if he were a common gigolo; he was a very beautiful and, so far as she could gather, a very brilliant young man; and he was a gentleman, even if he had had to earn his living from the time he was twelve years old . . . that is to say, he had an Oxford accent, really more Oxford than Oxford is, and beautiful manners, and such marvellous teeth. . . . And it would be lovely when he had made good to be able to point to herself as his patron . . . she saw herself as the lovely, gracious lady stooping to the beautiful young artist.

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"Wanda . . . did see him at the apéritif hour at Sunflower Sam's"

. . . It was really all rather romantic, whatever the world might say . . . But then everything was sordid if you chose to make it so, wasn't it? It was not really keeping the young man—if she decided to do it—so much as "helping" him. Gayley didn't care what she chose to call it; keeping or helping, it was all one to him so long as the money was forthcoming. . . .

Well, Wanda wrote out a cheque then and there for a hundred pounds—the amount was Gayley's suggestion, and it was arranged that she should come and see his studio, and evidences of his genius at his studio, the next day. Gayley gave a party at the Café Royal that night, paid off various bills, restored his cut-off telephone to life, rejoined one or two clubs, bought some blue silk shirts, and some pink silk pyjamas, and a dressing-gown which was undeniably simply too, too marvellous and gay-making, and generally assumed a new lease of life.

But the arrangement had to be put on a more stable basis. Having Wanda handing out occasional cheques, even at a hundred pounds a time, wasn't good enough; there must be a proper financial agreement. He gave Wanda several very potent cocktails the following afternoon and explained this to her. She could go on giving him cheques for a hundred pounds, he said carelessly, but wouldn't it be better if she just told her bank to send the money on the first of the month, beginning next Thursday the first? To save her trouble he would write the letter to the bank for her then and there, and she could just sign it, and it would all be settled. Wanda rather hazily agreed—and invited Gayley to dine and dance with her at the Alfreda, the newest and smartest dinner and dance place of the moment. Gayley declined—he must work, he said. Wanda liked him for that. It showed he was genuine.

Perhaps Gayley was, when he said it. Anyhow, he didn't work that day, nor the next, nor the next, nor in any of the weeks and months that followed. Life had become a sort of ecstatic dream. He had an unearned income of a hundred pounds a month. He could give parties, go abroad, lie all day in the sun, stripped to the waist, on hot Riviera sands . . . realise boundless dreams. Without the necessity to work, the inclination completely vanished. Artists are inherently lazy. In order to earn the rent a man may knock up a masterpiece—but it is a masterpiece by sheer accident, simply because of the ineradicable creative flame in the artist; art for art's sake, even for heart's sake, is the fallacy of highbrows, affected æsthetes, and the lay person. But that is precisely what poor Wanda, subsidising her beautiful, brilliant young genius, could not realise. . . .

Gayley had told her he was going to shut himself up for a month to work. He went to Juan-les-Pins and lay on his back in the sun, and did not even think of Wanda, still less rise up and call her blessed. He was too blissfully content and relaxed to think of anything except that marvellous sense of mental and physical well-being which comes when one is completely and miraculously free of all worry.

Wanda decided that since she would not be able to see her beautiful young man for a month there was no point in staying in London when "everyone" else was out of it. She went to Juan for precisely the same reason that Gayley went—because it was the place "everyone" was going to that year.

And that was how she found Gayley lying on the sand, his almost naked body golden-brown in the sun and his eyes as blue as the Midi sea.

You will realise the conflict that took place in Wanda. To find oneself in the South of France with a beautiful young man is not the sort of thing which happens to middle-aged women—women like Wanda, anyhow. . . . It was something to quicken the heart with a sense of romance and excitement. And yet—she should be bitterly angry with him; she should give him, not soft yearning adoration, but "a piece of her mind"; she should refuse to give him another penny. . . . But he lay there on his back, beautiful as a faun out of the Russian Ballet, and his blue eyes smiled at her . . . and she saw once again how his lashes had an upward curl. . . . Women find it hard enough to resist blue eyes as it is, but when they also have upward curling lashes. . . . You will see how it was with Wanda. The young man was behaving outrageously; he was a fraud; he was an unscrupulous impostor . . . but, "I needed a holiday," he said, and all the woman heart of her melted. Poor boy, after having been poor for so long, after such wretched struggles, of course he needed a holiday, and of course it had been hard for him to explain that to her; his lie was understandable, justifiable. . . .

All would have gone as merrily as a fashionable divorce had not a young woman in a bathing costume, as chic as it was inadequate, lay on the sands next to Gayley and decided that he was the most beautiful thing on the Côte d'Azur—which in itself might have been all right had not Gayley opened his drowsy, conquest-making blue eyes at that moment and decided the same thing about her. She had a whirl of red hair and the kind of indefinitely coloured eyes which make the "Giaconda" seem dull and the riddle of the Sphinx simple.

These two lay in the sun under a hot orange-coloured sun-umbrella, and life pulsed with unheard rhythms and symphonies.

"I didn't know there were people like you in the world," Gayley informed the young woman.

"Nor I that there were people like you," she replied.

And after that, what would you? Wanda did not find Gayley on the sands next day—he was round the corner in Antibes in a lovely secret place between red rocks, and propped on his elbows he was drowning in the deeps of enigmatic eyes. It was as well Wanda did not see him then, but she did see him at the apéritif hour at Sunflower Sam's, the girl with a cavalierly black and jade cloak a little concealing, a little revealing her slim golden-brown limbs and her young, lovely slender body. Gayley did not see Wanda, because for him there was only his companion in all the world. . . .

Illustrations by H. GOODERHAM

After that Wanda saw Gayley many times, but never alone, and it will be understood that her heart hardened, so that when the first of the month came round again there was no cheque forthcoming for the unscrupulous young man.

It was this which woke Gayley out of his ecstatic dream. He was indignant. How dare the silly old thing stop his cheques? He called upon her at her palatial white hotel set in a small forest of palm trees. She received him in her sitting-room. She was not yet made up for the day, and she looked old and, Gayley thought, quite repellent. He guessed quite well the reason why she had stopped the monthly payments, and he had meant to be politely hurt and reproach her with lacking faith in him. But the sight of her sitting there in her pink brocade dressing-gown smothered with marabout, and looking like a little fat dressed-up Pekingese, exasperated him. It will be remembered that he had always despised her, the vulgarian, the nouveau riche, and as one of the people who needlessly, because uselessly, clutter up the earth. Had she been beautiful, her uselessness would not have mattered—he had always held that beauty is its own, sufficient, raison d'être. If Valerie never did a stroke of work in her life it wouldn't be a crime against society; she paid society a compliment merely by being, by condescending to allow it to enrich its collective soul through her beauty . . . but this absurd, vulgar creature oozing money from every pore, bristling with diamonds, hung with pearls . . . Gayley's artistic soul shuddered. How on earth was he to go on buying Valerie cocktails if this stupid creature stopped his allowance? He was a genius, and Valerie was beautiful—to what better purpose could the Wanda woman put her beastly money than to their proper sustenance?

Wanda said, "You are nothing but a miserable little impostor—worse than any gigolo—a gigolo does at least make an effort to earn his money!"

Gayley was too sun-burned to go pale with rage, but he was white inside with anger—white-hot with it. He said a great deal more than he meant to—all about the right of the young and beautiful and brilliant to be kept by the people who were none of these things. His conduct was preposterous, outrageous, and poor Wanda stormed and sobbed and said that he was nothing but a contemptible little kept boy . . . and it was all very sordid and ugly, and finally Gayley swept out. . . .

But sweeping out did not solve the financial position. He did not want to go back to London and know the old struggles all over again. He told himself that he had been a fool; he should have handled the old lady more tactfully, convinced her that he really was only taking a holiday, and that he really *was* going to work when he got back; and that she was helping on the sacred cause of art by subsidising him. . . . Dammit, the fellows who flew round the world, or tried to, got someone to put up the money—why should it not be equally right for rich people to put up the money for artistic endeavour? It is only fair to Gayley to state that he really did believe this, but perhaps he deluded himself a little when he contended that he wanted money so that he could work; so much more than wanting to work he wanted to be able not to if he felt so inclined.

So he wrote a sweet little note of apology to Wanda and asked if he might see her; and she replied that he might come to tea because she also regretted her temper, and had Thought of Something. Whereupon Gayley joyously spent his last hundred francs on flowers for Valerie and went along full of hope.

(*Continued on page 222*)

"Gayley did not see Wanda, because for him there was only his companion in all the world . . ."

THE "LITTLE SEASON": PERSONALITIE

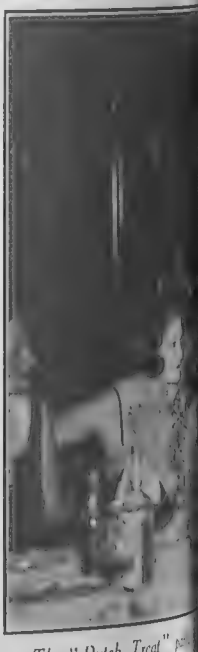
A farewell party given by Capt. Geoffrey Burton at the Kit-Cat on the eve of his departure for Colombo. Mr. Nelson Keys, the clever actor and mimic, who has recently been doing a lot of film work, is seen on the right

THE "£750 KISS GIRL" Miss Josephine Larkin, the American film actress, who recently received £750 compensation from a passenger who kissed her on an Atlantic liner, supping at the Kit-Cat

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten at supper at the Kit-Cat. Miss Sophie Tucker, of cabaret and "Follow a Star" fame, is seen at the left of Lady Louis' table

The Kit-Cat celebrated its birthday with a dress display by Marguerite, of Old Bond Street. One of the Society mannequins, Miss Sheila Craven, sailing down the restaurant

Roland Leigh, the popular lyric writer, and Miss Constance Carpenter at supper in the gallery of the Kit-Cat, where evening dress is optional, snapped by the "Bystander's" special photographer



The "Dutch Treat" party included Alfred Drayton,

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photographs by Sasha*

AT LONDON'S GAYEST RESTAURANTS

Dancers in action on the famous oval floor of the Café de Paris, whilst other visitors sit over their supper at the tables which encircle the floor

(Left) Jack Buchanan enjoying an after-the-theatre supper at the Kit-Cat

Miss Jane Baxter, the actress in "Leave it to Psmith," becomes dizzy after being swung round by the Whirlwind Skaters, who have been entertaining visitors to the Café de Paris

...ess at the Café de Paris. Members of the party given by Mrs. Edgar Wallace ...ing in "Follow a Star," seen second from the right at the farther table

(Left) Miss Anita Elson supping on the balcony of the Café de Paris. In private life this popular actress is Mrs. Nick Prinsep

FILM NOTES

"Forward March" is Buster Keaton's latest picture, now at the Empire. In it Buster has wonderful adventures resulting from his walking into an employment agency (which has just been transformed into a recruiting office) to engage a new chauffeur, and innocently signing papers which rudely precipitate him into the Army. Sally Eilers is Buster's pal

CLOWNS IN CELLULOID

By Lionel Collier

THE essential attribute of a good clown is that he is funny in silence—in other words, that he can express emotions in action which may at one time be tinged with pathos and at another wholly ludicrous. Consequently, the screen has proved a very fertile soil for the growth of true clowning. All the old Mack Sennett comedies, with their custard throwing, were true clowning. Bunny and Flora Finch in their comedies were basically true clowns, and heading them all is Charlie Chaplin (no reverence shall ever make him Charles), the acknowledged master of pantomime art

WITH the domination of the talkie, the screen is in very serious danger of losing by neglect the exposition of that highly developed sense of clowning to which it has owed so much of its success. Chaplin has been the one man, so far as we can gather, who has stood out resolutely against using his own voice in a film. He is very wise, because there is not the slightest doubt but that he would lose half his genius if he opened his mouth. There are, in fact, no words which can replace his gestures and comicalities.

BUSTER KEATON, a true clown if there ever was one, has not been so wise. He has appeared in two talkies; one, "Forward March," is at the Empire as I write. The first was "Free and Easy," and an amazing shadow it gave of the unsmiling Keaton, who in silent films could convulse one with laughter with a turn of the head or a gesture of the arm. His humour was essentially of the clown, and so definitely made for silence.

IN "Forward March" he has the rather over-done subject of a comic war film. It is a threadbare one, and simply fades into insignificance when one remembers Chaplin's masterpiece, "Shoulder Arms." It brooks no imitators, and this is merely an imitation, with the addition of dialogue. As a matter of fact, and obviously, Buster Keaton is at his funniest when he has to pantomime. His bayonet instruction is delightful, his progress through the Flanders mud is equally hilarious, and the way in which he joins up—

(*Continued on page 214*)

Jean Harlow, who plays in "Hell's Angels," United Artists' spectacular film that took three years in the making and cost its director £800,000. It will be shown at a leading West End theatre at the end of this month

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PARIS GOSSIP

"The White Russians drive taxis"

RUSSIA IN PARIS

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrated by A. GALLAND

At the corner of the Boulevard Raspail and the rue de Sèvres there nightly gather taxis run by White Russians. They patronise special cafés in the Quarter, and it was several of these chauffeurs who alternately put their cabs at the disposal of Colonel Koutepoff, who disappeared not long ago. But one taxi-driver, Count Mikhalsky, has other métiers. He studies law, occultism, hypnotism, and nerves. He placed an advertisement in the paper appealing to nervous young ladies to come to him for treatment. They would not only be cured of nervous disorders, but under his hypnotic influence they would be able to trace the whereabouts of Colonel Koutepoff. Dozens of patriotic and nervous young Russians responded. They found Count Mikhalsky charming and hypnotic, but although they lost their nervous ailments nobody found Koutepoff. The police interfered and arrested the Count for practising medicine illegally.

Hundreds of Russians also live around the rue de la Pompe and most of them have opened restaurants to feed one another. One of the restaurants, "Mon Repos," is run by the former cook of Prince Youssopoff. Which brings me to the mention of another legal case. Don't be alarmed; it is purely literary. One M. Charles Pettit is the author of a novel entitled "Les Amours de Raspoutine." He claims that a film, "L'Homme aux Yeux Verts," was stolen from his book. The film people say Pettit merely transposed Prince Youssopoff's chronicle of the murder and that the film is original because Raspoutin was given green eyes instead of blue. The ultimate result will be that all parties concerned will acquire black eyes, so that none of them will be able to read the book or to see the picture.

The most important Franco-Russian event of the week was the production of *La Petite Catherine*, by Alfred Savoir, who is a Pole, but a naturalised Frenchman. Allow me to pause one moment to sigh in blissful retrospect and in enjoyable anticipation of seeing it again. The play is produced by René Rocher at the Théâtre Antoine; the settings are

Wide World

The infant son and heir of Crown Prince Leopold and Princess Astrid of Belgium being held by its godmother, Princess René de Bourbon-Parma, after its christening at Brussels. King Albert and the Crown Prince are seen on the right behind the Princess

The son and heir of the Marquis de Villavieja, Senor Manuel de Escandon y Salamanca, and Senorita Carmen Pardo leaving St. Charles, at Biarritz, after their wedding, which was blessed by the Bishop of Madrid. The bride is the daughter of Senor Don José Pardo, late President of Peru

by André Boll, after the designs of Michel Larionow. Alice Cocea plays Catherine, Henry Rollan is Peter, Marguerite Pierry the old Empress Elizabeth, Mady Berry the Princesse Sophie of Anhalt, Catherine's mother, Alcover is the factionnaire who becomes the Comte Potemkin, and René Rocher is Lansköi, who is a fairy and doesn't know it until the last scene.

THE scene of Catherine's life, from the moment when she appears at the Russian court to become the unwelcome fiancée of the Grand Duke Peter until he dies "by accident" and Catherine becomes Empress in her own right, takes place in one great high room of the Palace, a room whose décor is carried out in an extravagant Russian transposition of French design. Aided by luxurious brown and gold curtains and high painted screens, the scene could be in any apartment of the palace, and the furniture is designed in an amusing synthesis of the period. The costumes by Nathalie Gowtcharowa make the audience gasp.

THE hilarious, gross language of the old Empress and the finesse of her mind, the swagger and threats of the really too handsome Peter, who refuses to love his wife even when all his soldiers do, Catherine's change from a charming young girl and her bitterness when she learns that Peter is quite willing that she run back to Germany and she suddenly absorbs the idea of despotism, is most gay and brilliant and witty.

I HAVE never seen the idea of tyranny shown up with such wit as in the third act. The lascivious old Empress has died. Her nephew and heir, who has looked forward to the moment when he will become Tsar, is alone before a mirror, hoping somebody will enter to see how magnificent he is in the costume he had copied from one worn by Frederick the Great. This costume has been made so long ago in anticipation that it smells of camphor. Peter struts and poses; he calls out for the guard, for his fat factionnaire. No one comes. He rushed out, and is heard screaming for the guard. He returns and cries like a child. He is alone for the first time in his life. Soldiers come to make him sign his abdication in favour of his neglected wife, and the ephemeral tyrant cringes and says, "But I am only a simple German prince who loves his garden and his flowers."

THE final scene is a trifle Casino de Paris. Catherine is in her bedroom writing to her old friend, Voltaire. She turns aside to tell Lansköi, the dead Peter's best friend, that St. Petersburg is no place for a man like himself; he should try Naples. . . . When Lansköi goes, the factionnaire, now Count Potemkin, enters. They discuss Lansköi, and Catherine, at a loss to describe him, asks Potemkin what is the name for such a man. "Cochon," Potemkin says simply and aptly enough. But the final minutes of the play descend. Catherine's ladies-in-waiting enter to music, Catherine undresses to music, goes to bed to music, a soldier is pulled from under the bed, and another pops out from behind a curtain. The delicious incidental music is by Nicholas Nabokoff. S. L.

Some characters in "La Petite Catherine" by Alfred Savoir: (1), M. Morrins and (2) M. Labry (3), Henri Rollan, (4), M. Alcover and (5), Mlle. Alice Cocea. This play concerning the life of the Empress Catherine of Russia is staged at the Théâtre Antoine

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

LORD BIRKENHEAD AS HISTORIAN

By Ralph Straus

THIRTY years ago a number of professors were keen for you to regard the study and writing of history as a science rather than as an art. This seemed to me to be a disastrous step in the wrong direction, and I remember as an undergraduate getting into mildly hot water by showing up a paper which declared that history was, and always would be, largely a product of the imagination. And, really, I am not at all sure even now that you could not make out quite a good case for this impertinent-sounding assertion. At any rate, it is satisfactory to note that the best of the new historians are artists first. (And the best of the new historians do not include in their ranks those curious romantics who seem to think that in order to give life to their people they must needs write a kind of novel about them, with long, and sometimes most fitting but always imaginary conversations.)

When, therefore, the late Lord Birkenhead's new book *Turning Points in History* (Hutchinson: 21s.), came into my hands, I was particularly eager to see along what lines he would be working. As a lawyer and politician, and in a lesser degree as a writer, he had, I knew, always shown moments of great brilliance; but what of the man as an historian? Would a spark or more of his undoubted genius be found, or would these Turning Points merely provide one more exhibition of a calm and logical mind?

THE LATE LORD BIRKENHEAD

Whose new book, "Turning Points in History," is reviewed in this article. The book is published by Hutchinson at 21s.

AFTER reading the book with some care I incline to the belief that it is not much more than an agreeable compilation such as might have been made by anybody else with a calm and logical mind and a pen well assured of itself. "The writing of history," Lord Birkenhead says, "is an art rather than a science—the art of compelling human figures to stand out from dry documents and dusty folios, and to tell as far as possible, and for all that it is worth, their own story." And this new contribution of his is decidedly entertaining. But is it anything more? No, I cannot think that the book will take its place amongst the perennial sellers. It is not the masterpiece from which the professors and the biographers will constantly be finding themselves obliged to quote. It is not sufficiently provocative to cause furious attacks and defences. It is just a very readable book.

LITTLE objection will be taken to the choice of the turning points themselves. Mr. Wells may discover a few glaring omissions, Mr. Belloc may shake his head once or twice and even snort in anguish or anger; the older school, too, may shrug professorial shoulders. On the whole, however, the choice is good. It begins with Salamis and ends with the Dantzig "corridor." The conversion of St. Paul—a vignette in the approved modern style—is followed by the destruction of Jerusalem—a vivid picture—and the one battle in the world's whole history whose date no schoolboy can ever forget (I need hardly say that it was fought in 1066). Magna Carta is shown to be a rather more one-sided document than most people suppose, and Mahomet II, who took Constantinople from the Christians, is rightly given precedence over the earlier leader of the same name.

COLUMBUS, of course, walks (or, rather, sails) uncomfortably across the stage, and the "glorious" Revolution of 1688 is stripped of some of its "glory." There follow chapters on Queen Anne's much-advertised death, Napoleon's weakness as well as his strength, the American Civil War, and, not the least welcome contribution, on the real work done by Gough's much-maligned army in 1918. And, as was to be expected, there are some very shrewd judgments. On Marlborough he is admirably succinct. "Avaricious to the end, he amassed a prodigious fortune; yet for every shilling he received he gave England a marvellous shillingsworth of service." On Clive and Napoleon he is equally good. And, indeed, there is little in the book (except one curious lapse into slang which would probably have disappeared had the author lived to correct all his proofs) which is not pleasantly competent and correct. But it is not a great book, nor anything like one.

NOTORIOUSLY the biographers are hard up for subjects these days, particularly for subjects nicely suited for such tit-bits of scandal as have managed to elude print. There must be Lives, now, of everybody of the least importance—good fat things, many of them, and written in the new intimate way. Not "lives," indeed, so much as personal impressions. You know the kind of thing: racily written chapters in which the author gives himself almost as good a show as his subject obtains.

AND why shouldn't he do so? He is, after all, being true to a great tradition. Percy Fitzgerald once wrote a book to prove that in writing his *Life of Johnson* Boswell's chief anxiety was to write his own autobiography. This was going rather too far; but Boswell certainly kept himself well to the fore, and who blames him on that account? Take, for instance, Gordon Craig's *Henry Irving* (Dent: 15s.). There is a great deal about Irving in the book, and there is a great deal about Gordon Craig. Any why not? Both, I know, are great men in their way. And I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of either of the two portraits we are given. But it really is curious to find volume after volume of theatrical reminiscences being so dull.

MR. CRAIG has many interesting and provocative things to say, and he buttonholes you in the nicest possible way, but I cannot honestly say that I either learnt very much from his book or found myself particularly thrilled by its peeps behind the scenes. But you never know. This may be just the book about the great man for which his admirers have long been waiting.

THERE is another book about an actor (though of a very different kind) which I found much more to my taste. *The Prince of Pickpockets* (Faber and Faber: 12s. 6d.) is the story of George Barrington, who, unlike Irving, did

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

succeed in writing his memoirs. Barrington was a delightful Irishman, who actually was on the stage for a time, but he found picking the pockets of his fashionable acquaintances a much more paying game. This was in the days of King George the Third, when they hanged you for the most trifling offences. George B. owed much to his ability to make graceful speeches even at the awkwardest moments, but the Raffleses of the world are rather more successful on the stage of a theatre than they are elsewhere. The time came when the Authorities became a little tired of Mr. Barrington's exploits. They had sent him once or twice to the hulks, where living was anything but pleasant, and he had not reformed; so they sent him to Australia, which in those days had rather less white inhabitants than it has to-day. And there he did make good, and became Chief Constable of Parramatta.

Mr. R. S. Lambert, the author of this new book about him, does not make the mistake of writing in the modern intimate way. He tells us his story very simply and well, and in particular he fills up the gaps which Barrington's own volumes had left. His picture of the hulks makes rather dreadful but very good reading, and he succeeds in giving us a picture of this blarneying fellow which is probably very near indeed to the truth.

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THERE is another curious book which will amuse you. *The Dickens Advertiser* (Mathews and Marrot: 7*s.* 6*d.*) sounds a little dull, perhaps. It is anything but dull; and this is not surprising in view of the fact that that excellent writer, Mr. Bernard Darwin (he is the only man who can interest you in something—golf, for instance—which does not really interest you at all) is its author. Mr. Darwin has had the jolly idea of examining the old advertisements which accompanied Dickens's books when they came out in "parts." Pills and clothes and books—everything you can think of—come into his purview, and some delicious chapters are the result. As for the illustrations, what were once so commonplace have now become gems. And the poetical Mr. Moses—well, he must be read to be believed. An excellently novel production.

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A WORD, too, about *The Handbook of Cyprus* (Christophers: 7*s.* 6*d.*) by Sir Ronald Storrs and Bryan Justin O'Brien. Not precisely the kind of book for an idle hour? But it is. Anybody who knows Sir Ronald Storrs will know that he has his own way of doing most things; and this handbook, while full of the most useful and picturesque information, reflects his personality in so far as it is entirely different from the usual "official" affair. R. S.

ONE of the dangers of golf is thinking you have found some mushrooms.

* * *

A GOOD golfer must have endurance
So must his listeners.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE and FURNITURE

By GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

View of the façade of Maple's in Grafton Street

WHEN the business world is enveloped in such impenetrable gloom that initiative seems suffocated; when that dire word, "retrenchment," sweeps the land, and the luxury trades of Europe fix apprehensive eyes on the New York Stock Exchange, it is a relief to find some firms with sufficient enterprise to rebuild, expand, and experiment, readjusting themselves to modern conditions without deterioration in the value of their products.

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MAPLE'S is undoubtedly an example of this courageous spirit. Its new, gleaming white frontage with stately coupled pillars, the excellence of design and colour of the Italian Renaissance roof in the entrance hall, and the beautifully proportioned arcade, places this building among the best examples of simple, yet effective, modern architecture, and it was entirely designed by their own architect—an Englishman.

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LAST year their exhibition of modern furniture was most interesting, but the majority of its lovely furniture was financially beyond most of us; we could only envy and admire. This year, although not so luxurious, their exhibition of furniture is infinitely more interesting to the would-be purchaser, for in rooms reserved for that purpose they have arranged a series of flats at varying prices. There is one thing to remember when you visit them—only the furniture is included in the price list; curtains, carpets, wall-paper, etc., are extra, and merely the firm's idea of suitable decoration for the flats.

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THE first flat, consisting of a hall, two sitting-rooms, three bedrooms and dressing-room, kitchen and bathroom, is simply but very adequately furnished for the most reasonable price of £250 in oak, stained and unstained, and mahogany. The next, for £450, is about the same size, but the furniture is more elaborate, and much beautifully grained walnut (still the most fashionable wood) is employed, while for £700 one can possess a flat full of luxurious and excellently designed furniture in dark oak, weathered oak with coloured inlays and handles, and some of the most exquisite walnut I have ever seen.

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APART from the flats, there is a great deal to interest both the connoisseur and the general public. Personally, I am delighted that reproductions of old furniture are becoming so much the vogue, and the Tudor rooms I was shown filled me with delight tinged by envy. Both design and detail are most faithfully copied, and the petit-point coverings for chairs, made in Maple's workrooms, is exquisite, the wools having been dyed in a manner to give that soft and faded effect which we associate with Tudor needlework.

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I LIKE contrasts, but it was a shock to slip from rooms which appeared to be composed of old tiles, old beams, and old furniture, and which enveloped one in that soothing and peaceful atmosphere of bygone centuries, into the very latest thing in modern bathrooms costing £700! Shaken and dazed, I realised, nevertheless, that it had many advantages for those able to afford such luxury.

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FOR instance, the floor was composed of a new rubber substance infinitely durable and made in squares to resemble black and white marble. From thence one descended into a black marble bath, the water from which gushed from the mouth of a roaring lion, and that water could be made hot, tepid, or cold by the adjusting of a small handle. Most marvellous of all, however, was the painting on the wall above the bath. This represented a Grecian scene of temples, mountains, and sea, and had its own special lighting. Consequently, when in exuberant mood, it was possible, by turning on a switch, to illuminate the painting and the surrounding room with sunshine.

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AN innovation which pleased me immensely was a method of painting scenes on walls by means of a spray. Entire pictures, including trees, figures, and bridges, etc., were most beautifully produced. An extremely difficult feat for the artist, I imagine, but most interesting, for there were no harsh outlines to catch and irritate the eye; the colouring was soft, giving a soothing and really artistic effect.

I left Maple's dissatisfied with life and convinced that when I had money to spare it would find its way into that firm's pocket, and what more can I say?

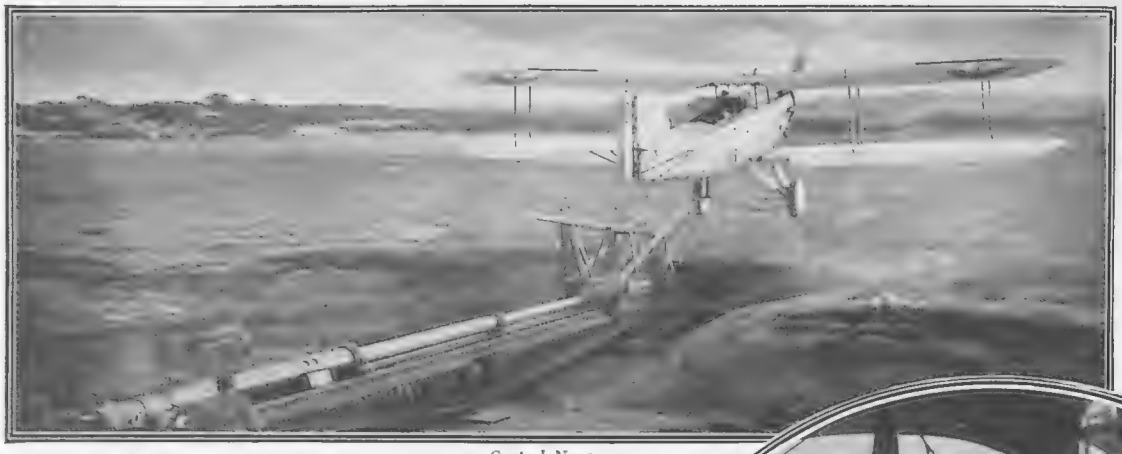
THREE PLAYS REVIVED

The Little Season has been notable for a number of revivals. On the right is a scene from "The Outsider," at the Apollo, a modern play by Dorothy Brandon, showing Sebastian Shaw (left), Harold Huth, Randolph McLeod and Isobel Elsom

Sir John Martin-Harvey in "The Lyons Mail," at the Savoy. This play of Victorian vintage was one of the stock dramas of Sir Henry Irving, in whose company Sir John used to appear

Angela Baddeley and Glen Byam Shaw, in Dryden's "Marriage à la Mode," at the Lyric, Hammersmith. This, the most antique of the revivals, is proving immensely popular

FLYING NOTES



At the R.A.F. establishment at Farnborough official experiments are being made with the new apparatus for catapulting aeroplanes from ships. A machine leaving the catapult, which is worked by compressed air. The machine takes off at 45 m.p.h.

Central News

THE FAILURE OF A SOCIALIST (STATE) ENTERPRISE

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Topical

Professor J. Popje with his mechanical invention, seated in an aeroplane before setting out from Shoreham aerodrome for a flight. The mechanical man actually operated the dual controls during the flight

Our Airship Policy

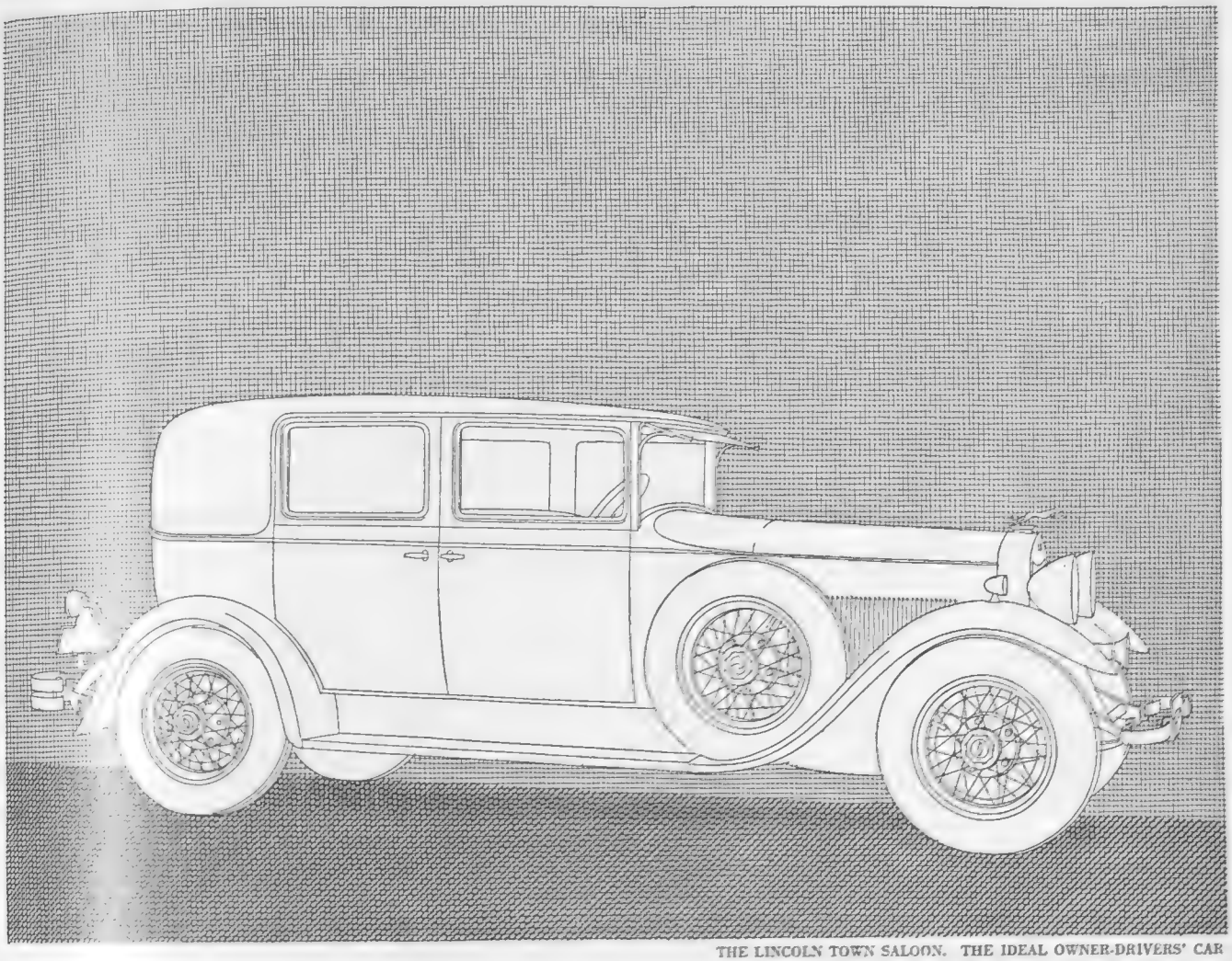
THE present Socialist Government being substantially the same as that which in 1924 promoted the airship policy which has proved not only disastrous but extravagant and commercially unsound, it is pertinent to ask what prompted the Cabinet of the day to speculate with public money on such a gigantic scale? Was it with a desire to prove faith in the Empire by a grand gesture intended to direct attention from military to civil aviation, or was the step taken in ignorance of true facts? A party which can order a ca' canny policy to be put into force on such a project as the Singapore Base and yet sign a blank cheque for the construction of two passenger-carrying vehicles, each containing 5,000,000 cubic feet of a highly inflammable gas, may be considered capable of any extravagance. The airship experts of the day were scientists, engineers and pilots who, in all good faith, proved on paper that airships could be built and operated on a commercial basis. Commander Sir Dennistoun Burney's scheme, the most practical of those submitted by business groups backing airship development, was altered by Mr. McDonald's Government from one requiring not more than £500,000 of public money as a subsidy to a national programme involving the State in design, building and operation expenses which need not have been incurred.

Safety and Commercial Utility

TWO factors of prime importance were given scant attention, and were not subjected to expert or even normal intelligent criticism before building was commenced, those of safety and commercial utility. The whole of the technical and scientific resources of the Government were mobilised to prove that an airship structure could be built strong enough to withstand abnormal conditions of wind and weather whilst in flight or whilst moored, yet no one insisted that a substitute be found for hydrogen. A pious hope was expressed that petrol engines would be superseded by a Diesel type, burning a less dangerous fuel, by the time the airships were ready. The late R101 was stocked with parachutes, yet the elementary precaution of providing emergency exits amidships was overlooked! Dealing with the commercial utility, original calculations were found in practice to be hhopelessly optimistic. The present type of airship lifts little more than its own weight, including crew and stores, for a flight of 2,000 miles. It has proved too slow to avoid bad weather by detour or by rising above it, although one had been led to believe that it possessed the advantages of being able to rise to great altitudes, "mark time" in the air, and be navigated with safety through clouds and fog so that immunity from forced landings and crashes of a serious nature was assured. An airship has unpleasant habits of rolling and pitching to an alarming degree, yet it was prophesied that high-speed luxury travel of the future would be carried out in aircraft of this kind. It was known that an airship could not be taken out of its hangar when a cross wind was blowing exceeding five miles an hour, and it was admitted in advance that repairs and maintenance could not be conducted at a mooring mast; yet in spite of so many disadvantages two airships were ordered at the taxpayers' expense.

Counting the Cost

THIS gigantic experiment has cost the taxpayers of this country and the Dominions not less than three millions sterling. Many people have stated that to abandon the scheme would mean making a present of our experience to Germany and the United States. The answer to that is that the Graf Zeppelin is acknowledged to be uncommercial, and by the time Germany or America has constructed further airships at least twice the size of our present type, has filled them with helium, developed economical medium-weight Diesel engines and constructed larger hangars and mooring masts, something like five million pounds per vehicle will have been spent. In the meantime, we shall have developed the flying boat and possibly the large land aeroplane to such a size that the airship will be superseded. Sir Dennistoun Burney, who has persuaded Governments and large commercial organisations to interest themselves in airships, gave his opinion in his book published last year that airships were not the ultimate vehicles for air transport. "At some future date," he said, "the Atlantic air service, which began with airships, may gradually yield place to a service of giant seaplanes."



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THE LINCOLN

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Souper

Œufs à la Celestine.

Salade de Volaille à la Carlton.

Pain d'Ananas à la Métropole.

Aigrettes des Anchois.

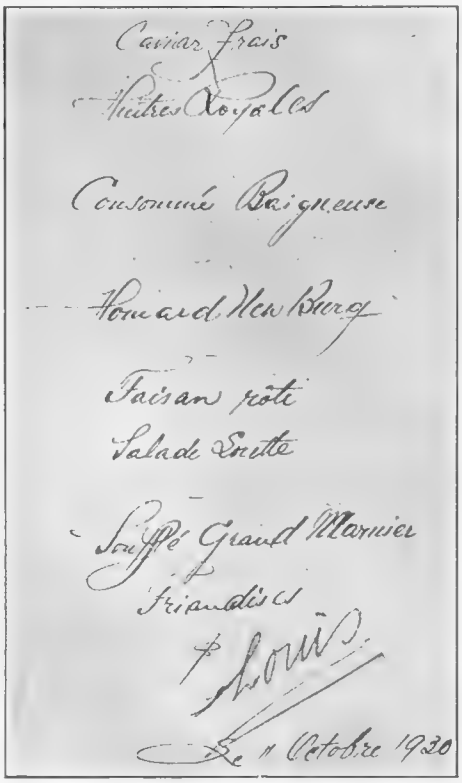
Café.

Œufs à la Celestine

Scald a dozen oysters in their own liquor, and then remove them and cut in small pieces. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and add two tablespoonfuls of flour. Mix well. Stir in a cup and a half of milk and the oyster liquor, and season with salt, pepper, and a squeeze of lemon juice, and lastly one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Boil till it thickens slightly. Have ready six poached eggs laid on slices of hot buttered toast in a shallow baking dish. Pour the sauce over them, sprinkling a little grated cheese on top, and put the dish in a hot oven for a few minutes to brown.

Salade de Volaille à la Carlton

Cut a cold fowl into neat fillets and mask them with a mixture made with one tablespoonful of finely minced capers, 2 oz. of cooked ham, three hard-boiled eggs rubbed through a sieve, a little minced tarragon and chives, and two sardines and an anchovy rubbed through a sieve, all stirred in aspic and mayonnaise sauce—about a tablespoonful of each. When this has set line a border-mould with aspic jelly. Ornament the chicken fillets with little strips of beetroot and cucumber arranged like trellis-work. Place the prepared fillets round the mould on a layer of aspic; add a little more aspic till the border-mould is full. Fill the centre with a salad composed of cucumber cut into dice, peas, and French beans which have been cooked till tender. Pour over it some thick mayonnaise sauce, and set the mould on ice. Dip the mould in warm water and turn out. Garnish with whisked aspic and sprigs of watercress.



The above menu represents an attractive dinner served at Ciro's, in Orange Street. It has been signed by the restaurant manager

Pain d'Ananas à la Métropole

Boil some pineapple in a pint of syrup, pass it through a sieve (a pint of the pineapple and a pint of the syrup). Soak two ounces of gelatine in water for a quarter of an hour, drain it, and put it into the hot syrup in which the pineapple has been boiled, and stir over the fire till the gelatine is melted; strain, let cool, and add the purée. Decorate a plain round mould with almonds, angelica and dried cherries, sticking them on the mould with a little melted and sweetened gelatine. Set the mould in ice and fill in with the pineapple purée; put a baking sheet on the top with some ice on it, and let it remain on the ice for two hours, then turn out the "pain" and serve.

THE KEEPER (continued from page 209)

Wanda was very sweet to him, and they apologised to each other, and then Wanda settled down for what she called a Real Talk. She said that she had been thinking things over and she had come to the conclusion that the present arrangement wasn't really satisfactory for a young man like Gayley. "Young people ought to marry and stabilise their lives," she said. Gayley, thinking of Valerie, said he entirely agreed. Wanda went on to say that naturally she had been hurt when she had found him wasting the time he should have been working, but she had been too hasty; young people will be young people, and youth was the time for love. Gayley took a deep breath, restrained himself from breaking into a pæan of joy, and said he was So Glad she Understood . . . an artist would always work better for being in love. Wanda said that she quite saw that, and she had no desire to spoil Gayley's happiness in any way . . . whereupon Gayley leapt up and kissed her hand, and murmured in a passion of gratitude, "Bless you, my dear."

She patted his waving golden hair and murmured that he was a nice dear boy. She said, "Well, what I've been thinking is this. You must be made an honest man of."

Gayley laughed joyously. "That will suit me down to the ground," he said.

Wanda beamed. "We can be married on this coast," she said, "and stay here for the rest of the season."

The world rocked for a moment. Gayley stared at her as though he wondered whether she had taken leave of her senses.

"*We* must be married? You mean—I don't understand—*Valerie* and me, you mean?"

It was Wanda's turn to stare. "What on earth do you mean? How can that young woman make an honest man of you? Is *she* keeping you, too?"

Then Gayley understood. Wanda intended to marry him—to acquire the sole copyright. . . . She was demanding her price—the most preposterous price she could possibly have thought of had she spent the rest of her life thinking it out. He was really very hurt and upset. She was taking an unfair advantage of him, he felt.

He stammered, "But I—I don't want to be made an honest man of—by anyone."

To which Wanda retorted, witheringly, "You prefer to go on being kept?"

Gayley sprang up then, beside himself with rage, and considering that he only had a few centimes in his pocket at the time, he was at that moment rather magnificent.

"By God, no!" he shouted. "I'm going right out now to do a little keeping on my own!"

He was thinking of Valerie, of course, and that they would be married and live in picturesque poverty in the modern manner in a converted mews, drinking gin because they couldn't afford water. . . .

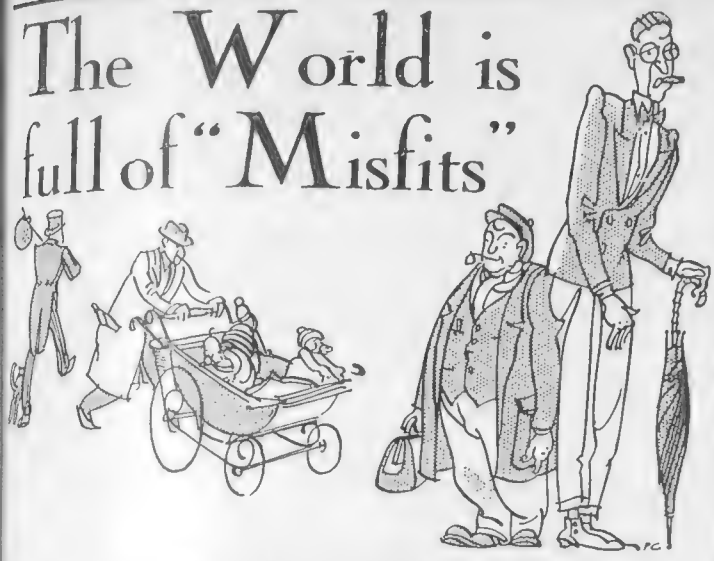
He rushed out and found Valerie at "Sunflower Sam's," and told her what he had in his mind, and she thought it An Awfully Good Idea, because she hadn't anything much to do, and she'd never been married, and he was really a lovely young man.

Valerie paid for the cocktails they consumed whilst they discussed plans, and she paid their fares back to London, and she gave Gayley some money so that they could be married right away. And the drinks for the wild party they gave as a celebration conveniently went on her account at the stores, and Gayley drew a deep breath of relief and hugged his newly acquired wife, and said fervently, "Well, thank God I'm through with this business of being kept!" Perhaps Valerie had no sense of humour, for she smiled and said, "Yes, darling."

Or it may have been because she had.

E. M.

The World is full of "Misfits"



.....To us ordinary folk, it is difficult to suppress a smile when the gorgeously arrayed male, bent on some social occasion of terrific importance, cuts a dashing figure in a blaze of pompous splendour. We all know the corpulent gentleman who clings tenaciously to his dignity when alighting from his "baby" Austin—the sallow cheeked golf enthusiast in gay coloured plus fours and the myriads of others. We are all critics of each other in the matter of dress yet it is quite possible that our own choice of attire may represent another tragic specimen of the world's "misfits."

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NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS

'WARE BADGER! By "Clodhopper"

Listening-in for Master Badger before a dig at Stebbing, near Dunmow, in Essex

"BRIDLE," who apparently decries the killing of Uncle Brock by hounds, writes on the subject as follows:—

"That very interesting species of our native fauna, the badger, is by no means so rare in many hunting countries as is generally imagined. This fact is exemplified by the number of his kind that have been found 'stopped out'—and in some cases killed—during recent early morning cubbing operations."

MASTERS of Hounds are divided in their opinions regarding the desirability of badgers in their territory. Some wage inveterate war against poor old Brock. Others, with an inherent love of Nature and her subjects of the wild, spare him whenever possible. I use the words "whenever possible" advisedly, as hounds will sometimes "chop" a belated badger in covert before there is time to whip them off.

HAVING studied the ways of the badger in his natural habitat, I could not honestly say that he is beyond reproach and without guile. But I will maintain that he is entirely innocent of many of the heinous crimes that are laid at his door. The cock-a-bull stories of badgers raiding hen-roosts, poaching pheasants, and so forth, won't hold water. Any poultry-rearer blessed with the intelligence of one of his own hens takes particular care that his feathered egg-and-bread producers sleep well above ground level. A badger, unlike a fox, is not built for "lepping," and will, therefore, not waste precious time in attempting to raid a chicken-house. Nor does he leave his underground fastness until long after all sensible and self-respecting pheasants have retired for the night among the branches of the tall timber trees in the coverts. The worst that can be said of Brock as a poacher is that he will occasionally pick up a few pheasant and partridge eggs, or dig out a "stop" of young rabbits in his nocturnal wanderings in search of provender.

Photographs *Sport and General*

A badger that caused much trouble in the poultry world on Sir Henry Crew's estate near Teignmouth pays the penalty of his misdeeds. Inset, above, a young cub, with all the inexperience of youth, ventures into the open

ON the other hand, it must be confessed that a badger, in his hatred of daylight, and in eagerness to get to ground before sunrise, will open an earth (in all probability his own sett) which has been carefully stopped to foxes in a covert to be drawn by hounds the same morning. This is, of course, infernally annoying, and sufficient to eternally damn every badger on and under the earth in the eyes of a M.F.H. or huntsman.

BUT apart from the fact that the majority of people regard this curiously interesting animal as a great adjunct and attraction to the countryside, many farmers and their friends who cannot afford to hunt delight in an occasional day's badger-digging. These good sportsmen, though pleased to see hounds on their land, naturally resent fox-hunters interfering with their more humble form of sport by killing badgers. No one questions the ownership of every fox-earth in a hunting country, as it rightly belongs to the Master who happens to reign over the country. But "Live and let live" is an excellent motto, and I venture to suggest that it is not good policy on the part of any M.F.H. to allow his hounds to hunt badgers, especially in such parts of his territory where badger-digging is pursued.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

PARIS SPONSORS RIVAL SILHOUETTES

Model gowns, fabrics and accessories have come hotfoot from Paris to Gorringes' modernised salons in the Buckingham Palace Road, where they can be studied in ideal conditions, for natural daylight prevails. The splendour of the Fabric Hall, with its wide avenues and high glass roof, is unrivalled. Black velvet is used for the dress on the left, and interest is centred in the back, where there are wide revers, and a divided basque bordered with sable-dyed fur. Spiral frills soften the outline of the black morocain frock, a trail of red geraniums supplying a vivid note of colour

The Ever-Useful Coat Frock

By Olive Caley Smith

A beautiful coney seal coat with a long roll collar of natural musquash, which has been renovated and remodelled by the Fur Renovating Company

Russian Influence

FEW items of a woman's wardrobe can equal in utility and charm the coat frock, than which nothing is more becoming to the average Englishwoman. This autumn they have come in for a good deal of attention, and much thought has been lavished upon them—with excellent results. There is a tendency for them to be cut in one at the back, so that a long coated effect is achieved. But at the front a different tale is told, for flat or slightly flared frills mark the hips and are carried up to form a collar, so that it seems as though a neat suit is being worn. A beautifully embroidered vest supplies the lingerie touch which characterises practically every day dress, or there may be a piqué slip with tiny matching cuffs. Other frocks of this genre clearly reflect the Russian influence, for they have long full tunics, drawn in at the waist with patent leather belts. For town wear they are made in dark shades, enlivened with a mere suggestion of gay smocking at the shoulders.

New Notes in Tweeds

TWEED ensembles grow in importance day by day. Often it seems that the limit of ingenuity must have been reached, but no — fabric manufacturers and designers continue to spring fascinating surprises upon us. Only Chanel could successfully place a sparkling paste buckle on a wool jersey dress. She does it in the model sketched on this page, which is made of a red jersey material that closely resembles cashmere. The skirt is set straight on to the bodice, and the two pockets which slope across the hips act as a diminishing glass. There is a neat white piqué collar and flower at the neck. Red and greige diagonal tweed is used for the coat, which has a bolero back, and the new large cloth collar and wide revers. The belt is inset across the back. This ensemble comes from Richard Sands, of Sloane Street, who recently held a very interesting Dress Parade at the Basil Street Hotel, when they showed many delightful day and evening frocks.

Old Furs Transformed

THE majority of women have, tucked away at the bottom of a trunk, some half-forgotten furs that were fashionable when their mothers were young. And there, quite often, they remain, because their owner feels that it would be impossible to make use of them. Actually they could very easily be remodelled and renovated so that, for a fraction of the cost of new furs, they would be turned into a really smart coat or stole. Such work is undertaken by the Fur Renovating Co., 58, Cheapside, E.C.2, where amazing results are achieved. It is difficult to believe that faded and worn skins could be so completely transformed. Any sort of fur can safely be entrusted to this firm, who will gladly send estimates and suggestions free of charge, and expeditiously carry out any alterations that may be decided upon. It is useful to know that they are experts at making collars and cuffs out of discarded ties or stoles, and at mounting them on cloth coats.

Chanel fastens the belt of this red jersey frock with a striking paste buckle. The distinctive tweed coat has the new Highwayman collar

SHOOTING NOTES

The Hon. J. A. Joicey's Flower of Flodden retrieving from the water. The photograph was taken at the Retriever Trials at Settrington, near Malton, Yorkshire

SOME GOOD BAGS OF PARTRIDGES

By "Clodhopper"

ALTHOUGH, "thanks" to the sad havoc played by wet and cold among the young broods immediately after the main hatch in July, partridge shooting in some cultivated areas—notably in South Notts and on the Nottinghamshire-Lincolnshire border—is by no means so good as it was last season, some excellent days' driving have been experienced in more favoured districts. On the famous Six Mile Bottom estate, near Newmarket, Capt. Cunningham-Reid and his party of eight guns, including Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell and Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, killed in one day's shooting no fewer than 707 brace of partridges and a considerable head of ground-game. This is undoubtedly *the* record one-day bag for Six Mile Bottom, upon which so many notable returns have been made during the past six or seven decades. Indeed, I very much question whether it has yet been beaten in this country. It was, I believe, in the early 'sixties that the late General Hall, the then owner of this celebrated Cambridgeshire partridge manor, first introduced driving into England.

IN looking up past records one finds that during four days in the last week of the shooting season of 1869 nine guns killed 404, 510, 600, and 426 partridges on the shoot in question. The partridge season of '69 was undoubtedly a rattling good one, and the sportsmen who accounted for the above totals were among the most expert game-shots of that period. How about the season of 1930, the game-shots of to-day, and their modern hammerless ejector guns? Well, they would take a deuce of a lot of beating.

HAMPSHIRE has within the last thirty years or so become one of the very best partridge counties in the kingdom, not excepting Norfolk, Suffolk, or Cambridgeshire. So far as I remember, Sir William Portal's wonderful shoot at Laverstock provided one of the biggest, if not *the* biggest, partridge totals last year. The shooting prospects here are again bright enough this season, for I learn that 524 brace of birds and "various" were killed by Sir William and a party of friends one day last week.

THE next best bag of partridges I have heard of so far this season was one of 400 brace killed by Mr. Dewar's party of guns in one day's shooting at Chippenham. Sir Humphrey de Trafford and his guests had 225 brace as the result of about six hours' driving at Newsells; while Sir Ernest Cassel's Puckeridge estate yielded 570 birds on the first day's driving.

DURING a two-day shoot on Lord Glanely's preserves at Exning recently an exceptionally good lot of birds was seen, and 102 and 128 brace killed on Saturday and Monday respectively. I understand that much better totals would have been made had it not been for a very strong cross-wind, which rendered really successful driving operations impossible. Several important shootings in the Midlands still remain to be shot.

A NORWICH correspondent asks: "Will you be good enough to inform me whether or not the late Lord Walsingham was reputed to have made the record one-man and one-day bag of partridges?" The answer is "No." Lord Walsingham's one-gun record of 842 grouse, killed in a long day's driving at Blubberhouse, Yorkshire, on August 28, 1872, remains to be beaten, I believe. It was, however, the late Maharajah Duleep Singh who on September 8, 1876, accounted for 390 brace of partridges to his own gun at Elveden, Suffolk. But a very considerable proportion of the birds that helped to pile up this extraordinary but—to my idea at any rate—unsportsmanlike, game-shooting record were hand-reared and, presumably, too weak on the wing to afford anything like decent sport.

A FRIEND who has gone North for some early November hind shooting writes me to the effect that although the rutting season is not yet at its height, the Highland glens and corries have been filled with the roaring of stags since the end of September. Though some lessees of deer forests will continue to stalk after the 10th or 12th of October in the hope of bringing to larder their allotted limit of stags, it is hardly good sportsmanship on their part to do so. After the second week in October the stags are much run, their venison rank, and, to all intents and purposes, unfit for human consumption. Why they are not protected by law from, say, the 10th of October until the 20th August, when the stags should be clear of velvet, is difficult to understand.

THERE can be precious little pleasure—and certainly no sport—in stalking during the earlier part of the rutting season even. A certain number of the "Shylockian" order of lessees of forests would probably kick against such protection. On the other hand, I venture to say that all owners of deer forests, and the majority of lessees, would be glad if a law was passed to render the shooting of stags illegal after the suggested date. I understand that although few outstanding heads have been secured this year, weights, generally speaking, are well above the average, especially in forests where hand-feeding has been practised.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

PHEASANT SHOOTING DATES.

ALTHOUGH October marks the legal opening for pheasant shooting, few begin so early, always excepting those who walk the turnips in order to forestall their migration to the woods. Working the hedgerows with the aid of a spaniel is much more sporting and supplies opportunities to be about during the best month of the year. Best of all is beating them out of isolated covert so that they come into the open and hence raise no difficulties about blindness of the woods. Where conditions permit all possible effort should be directed to forwarding the date of the first big shoot, which custom fixes as near as possible to Lord Mayor's Show day, also hallowed for many years as the birthday of King Edward. By hatching from the earliest procurable eggs and letting in the sky around shooting stands, the October pheasant can be made more of a reality than it is at present. The game sent to market before the glut fetches excellent and almost remunerative prices, whilst, from another standpoint, the farmers like to see the head of birds well thinned at the time of autumn sowing. A further benefit attaching to any possible advance of dates is that the later fixtures stand to be less hampered by early twilight.

More Notes from Olympia

By E. M. Wright

PRACTICAL utility is the keynote of the Motor Show this year. Everywhere there is evidence of steady improvement, in the majority of cases on orthodox lines. A very large number of makers have made substantial reductions in prices, and some have announced drastic cuts; but in every case, whether prices have been reduced or not, very much greater value is offered for money. Features, such as safety glass, which only a few years ago were expensive extras, are now so much standard practice as to receive scarcely more than a mention. The proportion of Straight Eights has gained slightly at the expense of the Sixes. The percentage of Fours remains about the same, although it is noteworthy that at least two of our leading makers have this year reintroduced four-cylinder models.

FOUR-SPEED gear-boxes with "silent third" are even more popular than they were last year, and one concern, going a step farther, has introduced a revolutionary type of transmission which may ultimately dispense with the gear-box altogether. It is one of the outstanding departures not only of the year but of this decade.

One of the most interesting new models of the year: The Vauxhall "Cadet" saloon, the standard version of which sells at £280

WIRE wheels are even more popular than they were last year, and a still greater number of cars are fitted with hydraulic braking. Grouped, or central, chassis lubrication is finding increased favour. Most cars possess some form of untarnishable brightwork, chromium in many cases being replaced by stainless steel. Closed cars are still more in evidence. At the same time, however, various forms of opening roof are now almost universal either as a comparatively cheap extra or as part of the standard equipment. The popularity of fabric is on the wane, and coachbuilt bodies are increasingly favoured. Radiators have largely been redesigned, and are now larger and higher, white thermostatically controlled radiator shutters are in much greater evidence. Such features not only add very considerably to the appearance of the car, but also, of course, provide increased efficiency and much more economical running.

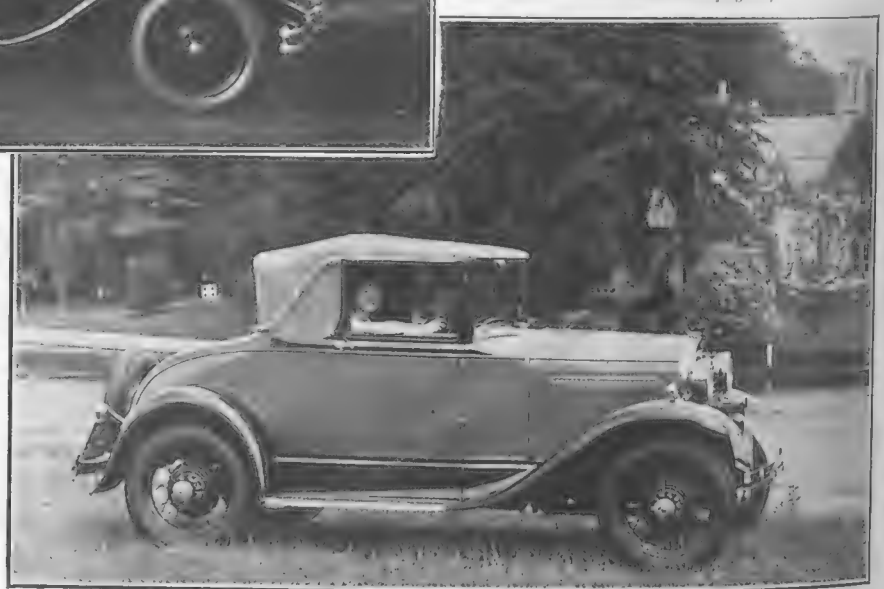
THE Motor Boat section contains a comprehensive display of all types of craft from the smallest dinghies to high-speed luxury sea-going cruisers. Light inboard and outboard craft of every type are exhibited, and include racing boats and engine units, and those suited for holiday cruising. Corresponding with the motor accessory section is a big display of motor-boating "gear."

THE Garage and Service Equipment section, while of only indirect interest to the average owner-driver, should not be overlooked, as it will give an excellent idea of what one should expect of an up-to-date garage. Another new departure this year is a display of historic cars on Stands 29 to 32, in the passage-way between the Grand and the National Halls. Here are shown the original productions of a number of well-known makes, some of them dating from the 'Nineties.

The following notes are by no means exhaustive, but are intended to indicate a few of the outstanding characteristics of the exhibits which were not described in our review of the Show last week.

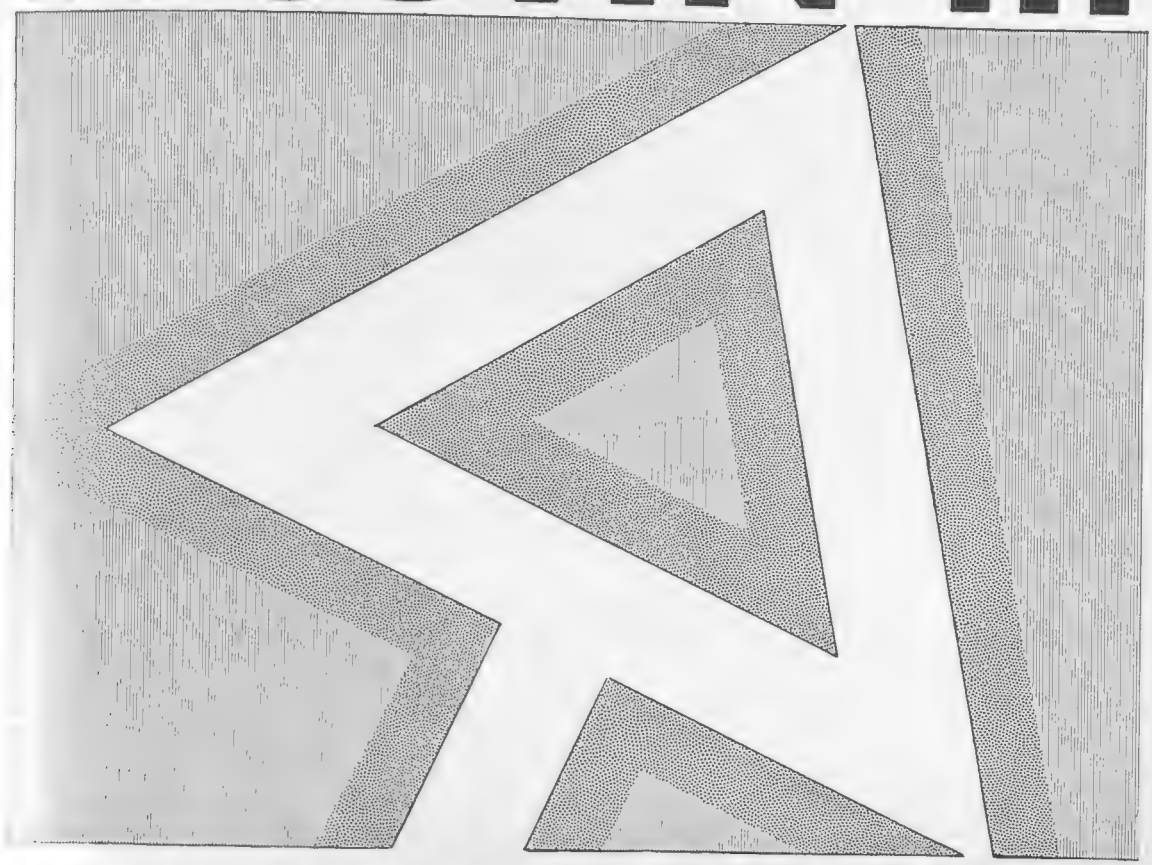
A Royal Chassis One of the most interesting exhibits in the Show is to be seen on the Daimler stand. It is a replica of the chassis that will be supplied for the use of Their Majesties the King and

(Continued on page iv)



An all-weather two-seater of distinction: the Ford Cabriolet. The head is easily lowered

AUSTIN fit



TRIPLEX

AND ARE SAFE

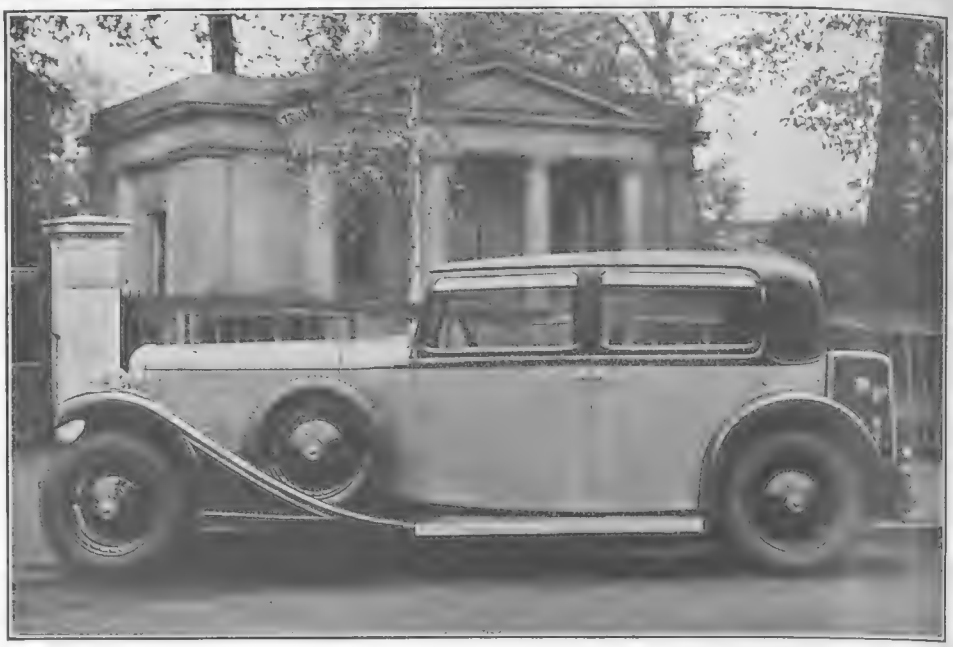
TRIPLEX SHEET TRADE MARK REGISTERED

TRIPLEX PLATE TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1 Albemarle Street, London, W.1

(Continued from page ii)

Queen on State occasions. It will be recalled that quite recently the King and Queen honoured Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., with an order for five "Double-Six" Daimler cars, fitted with the new Daimler transmission system. The coachwork will be carried out by Messrs. Hooper and Company. In communicating these commands Their Majesties intimate, through the Crown Equerry, that the order is placed so that it may stimulate British industry, now passing through difficult times, and primarily to help unemployment during the winter months.



The latest Daimler 30-40 h.p. Double Six, with Weymann metal-panelled coachwork

Lea-Francis, Stand 54

Heading the Lea-Francis exhibit (Stand No. 54) is the new 2-litre 15.7 h.p. "Ace of Spades," a six-cylinder car designed for high-speed touring which sells at £495 for either the "Francis" type panelled saloon with fabric top, or the coach-built saloon. It will give a speed of 75 m.p.h. without trouble, and can maintain a comfortable cruising speed of 65 m.p.h., and is also easy and pleasant to drive at low speeds. The "Ace of Spades" has a unit-construction four-speed gear-box with constant-mesh third and top gears. The bodywork of the 12-40 h.p. four-cylinder models has been considerably improved, and chromium plating and safety glass are now in general use A ten-gallon petrol tank is now fitted at the rear of the two- and four-seater models. The two- and four-seater T.T. models, the sportsman's coupé, and the saloon are continued on the supercharged 1½-litre Hyper model, the bodywork and the general finish being greatly improved. The prices of the 12-40 h.p. and the 1½-litre models remain the same as for 1930.

Wolseley, Stand 133

Two models which challenge attention on the Wolseley stand (No. 133) are the new "Viper" Six and the recently introduced "Hornet," the first of the "baby" Sixes to appear on the market. The "Viper" has a medium-sized engine of 15.7 h.p., a three-speed gear box, Lockheed hydraulic brakes, thermostatically operated radiator shutters, and bumpers both front and rear. All bright parts are chromium-plated, and Triplex safety glass is standard. Two models are shown, a fabric saloon, costing £285, and a coachbuilt saloon, costing £299. For an extra £5 and £10 respectively both cars can be fitted with a sunshine roof. The body lines, particularly of the fabric saloon, are very attractive. Two examples are shown of the "Hornet," a six-cylinder of only 12 h.p., which sells at under £200 complete. The "Hornet," too, has thermostatically operated radiator shutters, and is fitted with Triplex safety glass. The two models exhibited are a fabric saloon with a sunshine roof and a coach-built saloon. On the six-cylinder 21-60 h.p. chassis are shown a "County" coachbuilt saloon de luxe and a long wheelbase landaulette de luxe. The Editor of THE BYSTANDER tried one of the new Wolseley "Vipers" recently, and was much impressed with its speed, smooth running, and rapid acceleration. His trial also brought to light a remarkable economy in petrol and oil. This is a car that should go far—in every sense.

The Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd., Stand 186

The Pratts exhibit (Stand No. 186) is not only interesting in itself, but its distinctive characteristics render it an easily found rendezvous for visitors to the Motor Show. The outstanding feature of the display is a full-size petrol pump plated with real gold, and there is also an Ethyl pump in silver. "Mr. High Test," who is 6ft. 8½in. tall, is in attendance. Two dioramas are exhibited. One gives a view of the refinery at Fawley, where Pratts spirit is produced, showing the tanks, the aerial roadway along the jetty and ships discharging. The other represents the Croydon aerodrome, and shows Pratts aerial service station and the giant air liners filling up from pumps similar to those at roadside petrol stations

Another "Cadet": The new Swift 8 h.p. four-seater saloon, at £185

National Benzole Co., Ltd., Stand 189

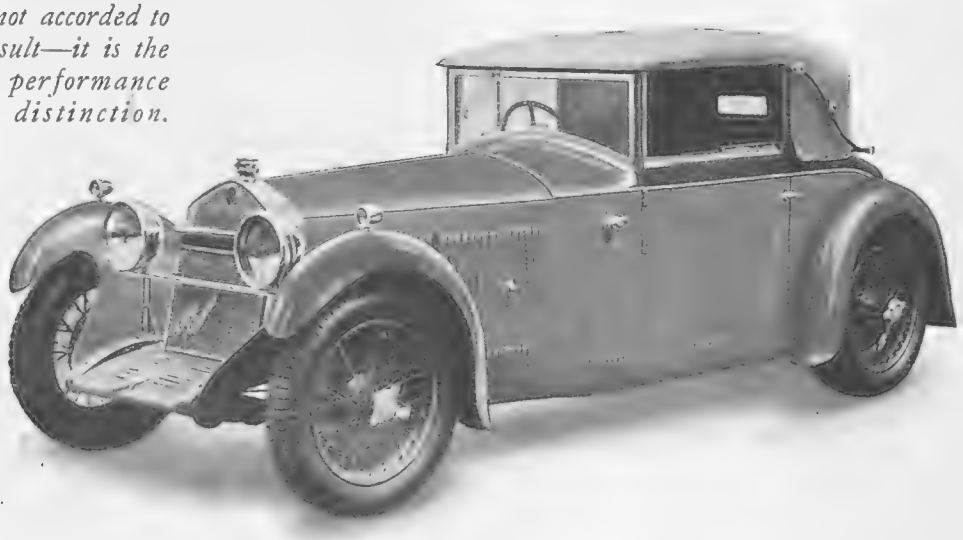
In order to demonstrate the special features of their products, the National Benzole Co., Ltd., have equipped their stand (No. 189) with an attractive display of working models. Information regarding this concern's three chief products, National Benzole Mixture, N.B.C. lubricating oils, and National Motor Benzole, is provided in an interesting and entertaining way; and those of a scientific turn of

(Continued on page vi)

OLYMPIA
STAND
137

Merit

Merit is not accorded to indefinite result—it is the award of performance worthy of distinction.



THE MERITORIOUS PERFORMANCE OF ALFA ROMEO CARS IS UNDISPUTED

A MODEL FOR EVERY PURPOSE

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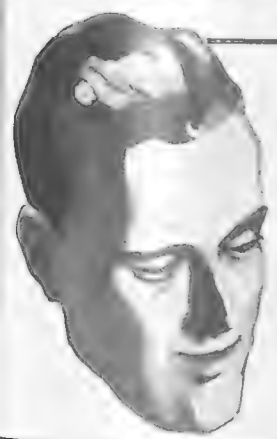
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING



DISCUSS YOUR
LUBRICATION PROBLEMS
WITH EXPERTS ON STAND
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GRAND HALL GALLERY
at entrance to NATIONAL HALL

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All-British Firm
MAKERS OF
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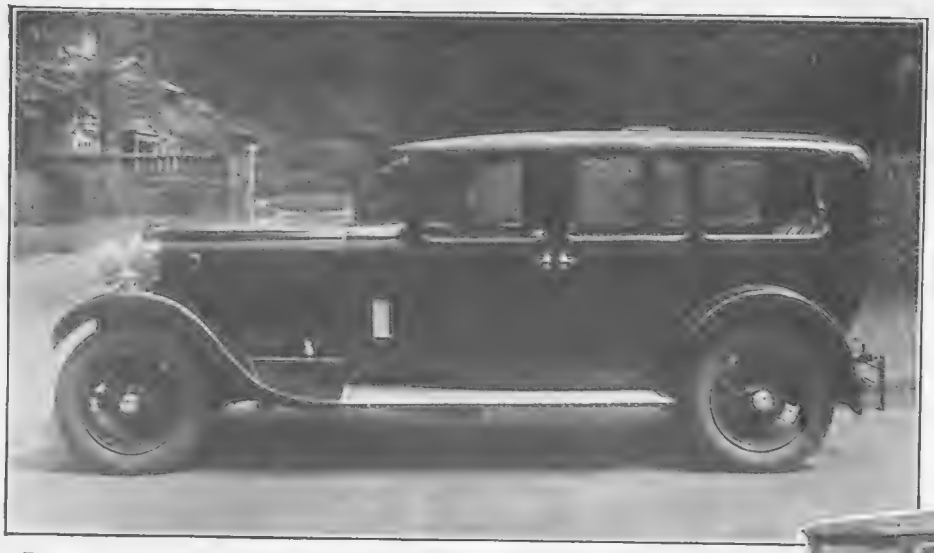


Typical of the best in British chassis and coachwork—the 25 h.p. 6-cylinder Sunbeam limousine

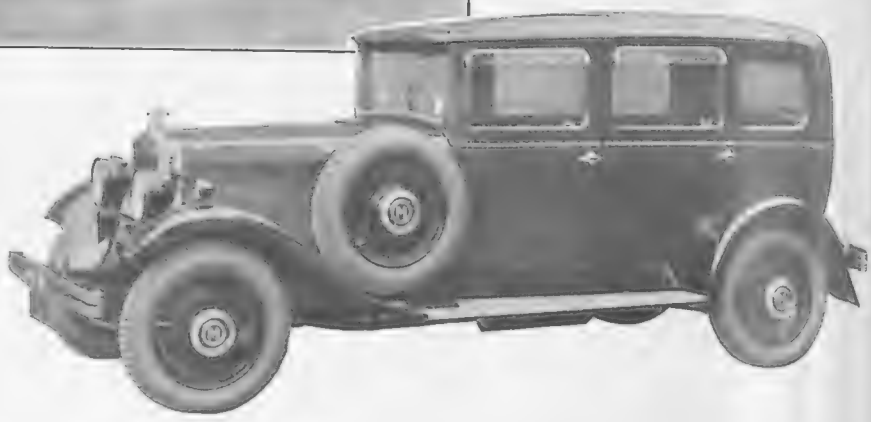
(Continued from page iv)

mind will be able to obtain an excellent idea of the care and skill devoted to the problem of producing high-grade fuels and lubricants for the modern motor car.

C. C. Wakefield and Co., Stand 350 Of particular interest to owner-drivers who do their own greasing and oiling will be the range of grease-guns and nipples, grease canisters, oil tanks and other lubrication accessories shown on the stand of C. C. Wakefield and Co. (No. 350). To facilitate chassis lubrication this concern has produced a simply worked oil gun 16½in. long. Five new grades of Castrol are being shown. One of them, a gear oil, "Swanshot ST," will remain fluid at 10 degrees below freezing point. Experts will advise visitors with regard to the correct grades of oil to be used, and specially prepared lubrication charts are available for all the well-known makes of car. Owners may obtain, too, a very practical booklet entitled "Motor Car Lubrication Simply Explained."

Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., Stand 203 Most new cars are nowadays fitted with safety glass, for the windscreen at least,

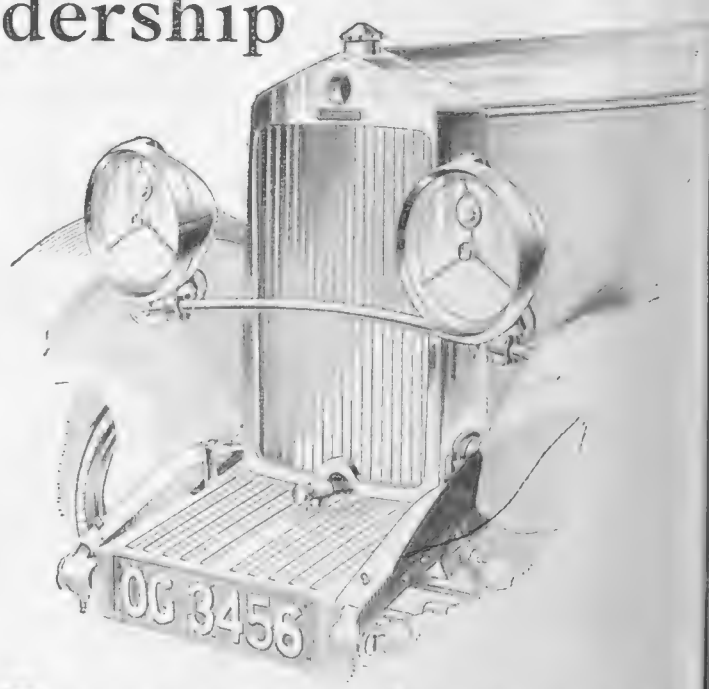
(Continued on page viii)



Roomy and smart, but inexpensive, the 1931 Morris-Oxford Saloon is now fitted with ouvres and the new Magna wire wheels

Lanchester leadership maintained

OLYMPIA 1930 reveals what it has constantly revealed throughout the history of the industry—Lanchester leadership in design and refinement, and unrivalled craftsmanship in both Chassis and Coachwork.



Lanchester

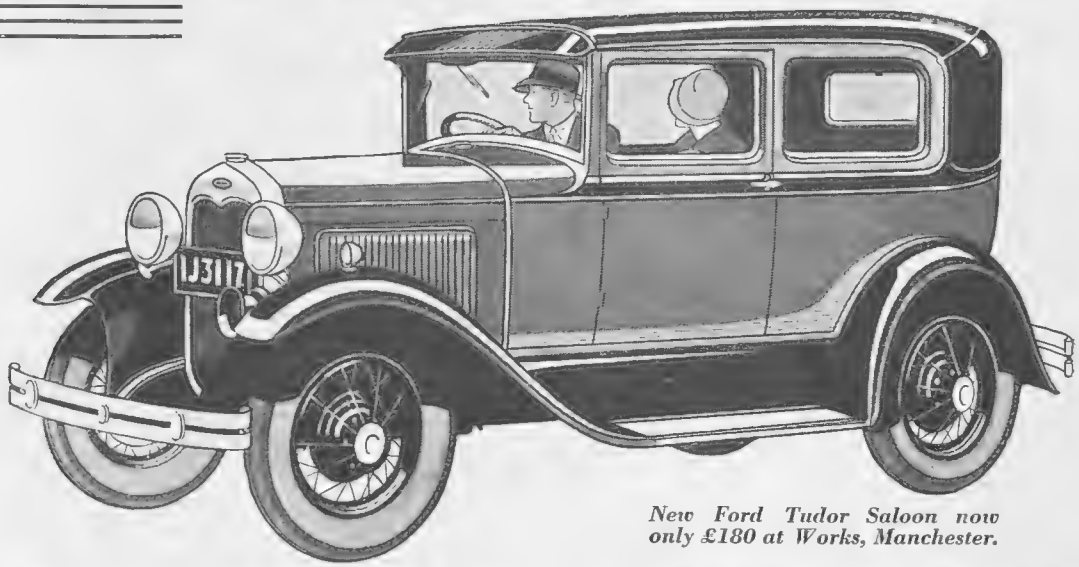
The Pioneers of the British Motor Industry

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD.

Head Office and Works: Armourer Mills, Birmingham.

95 New Bond Street, London, W.1. 88 Deansgate, Manchester.

New FORD PRICE Reductions



New Ford Tudor Saloon now only £180 at Works, Manchester.

Reductions range from £15 to £25

"Why should the price of Ford cars be still further reduced? They were already priced far below value."

That sums up the opinion of the great majority of British motorists. Owners of new Ford cars are spreading the news of Ford performance, economy and long life—value far above the price. More people than ever before throughout the British Isles are buying New Ford Cars.

Why then these price reductions?

The answer to that question is that the growing demand for New Ford cars makes possible still further production economies in the Ford works at Manchester. It is the well-known policy of the British Ford organization to pass production savings along to the public in the form of lower prices, regardless of how low Ford prices may be.

If you do not know the New British Ford car thoroughly, you may not appreciate what these price reductions mean.

We suggest that you talk to present owners of the New Ford and to your nearest Ford dealer. Learn first-hand how well the New Ford runs. How easily it drives. How safely it holds the road at fast speeds. How economical it is—where fuel, oil, insurance, depreciation and repairs are concerned—and how many years of care-free motoring the New Ford gives. The Ford dealer will be more than willing to show you how beautifully the New Ford performs in traffic and on hills, and how steadily and safely it runs.

Only £50 down, the new Ford is now more than ever within your reach. Why not call upon your nearest Ford dealer to-day?

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

THE NEW FORD CAR PRICES

(at Works, Manchester).

MODEL	*NEW PRICE*
Tudor Saloon	*£180*
Touring Car	*£185*
Standard Coupé	*£185*
Fordor Saloon (3-window)	*£210*
De Luxe Fordor Saloon	*£225*
Cabriolet	*£210*

Note: These prices apply to the 24 h.p. New Ford. 14.9 h.p. is £5 additional.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, London and Manchester

(Continued from page vi)

but there are tens of thousands on the road which still have dangerous plain glass screens, while only a minority, even among new cars, have safety glass on the side and rear windows. The display, therefore, of the Triplex Glass concern (Stand No. 203) is of very general interest and should particularly attract owner-drivers whose present cars are without this essential safety precaution, especially in view of possible developments in connection with the new Traffic Act. In addition to windscreens and windows, Triplex are showing a range of safety glass for motor boats.

British Petroleum Co., Stand 214

On the stand (No. 214) of the British Petroleum Co., the distributors of the well-known New B.P. petrol, is an ingenious working model of a petrol refinery, showing the many processes through which petrol must pass before it is sold to the public. The crude oil is brought to a high temperature in a boiler-like receptacle, known as the pipe still. It is then pumped into the "fractioning column," a tall tower in which the hot oil evaporates. By means of cooling "trays" the substances mixed up in the oil are separated and drawn off on different levels. They are then cooled, condensed, and stored; and afterwards pumped up once more to go through the intricate refining process to remove all impurities.

A MOTOR MAGNATE IN EUROPE

A photograph taken in the grounds of Brenner's Stephanie Hotel during the visit of Mr. Henry Ford to Baden-Baden. The group comprises Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hodges (left), Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, and Herr Kurt Brenner

India Tyre & Rubber Co., (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Stand 460

Initial cheapness is not one of the claims put forward on behalf of India Tyres (Stand 460). It is the aim, rather, of the makers to achieve cheapness by producing a tyre giving such length of service as to justify its cost. This well-known Scottish tyre firm was originally an American company which established works in this country to secure the protection of the McKenna Duties. The present company, which was floated last year, bought out the American interests and is now entirely British. A few months ago it opened a new factory at Inchinnan, Scotland, where 1,500 tyres a day are turned out, giving employment to over 2,000 British workers.

Swift, Stand 90

Although the ever-popular Swift Ten is continued without any radical alterations, chief interest in the Swift exhibits will centre on the new 8 h.p. Cadet model. This is available in three types, an open four-seater at £160 and a four-seater saloon, fabric or semi-coachbuilt, at £185. E. M. W.

WOMAN'S GOOD APPEARANCE

depends first of all on the contours of her face and neck. As soon as the skin becomes loose and baggy, as shown in the first photograph, age becomes apparent. By the entirely new and safe Hystogen Electro-Thermic Method, evolved and practised personally by a highly skilled and experienced Swiss Specialist, the result as shown in the second photograph is achieved in a few short visits, and the face and neck made young again. Also, wrinkles around the eyes, unsightly noses, ears and lips, and skin flaws, etc., are permanently corrected by the latest scientific methods, in from one to three visits. Thousands of clients have already benefited by his wonderful treatment. Consultations are free, and signed articles written by Lady Maud Warrender, Rosita Forbes, Margery Lawrence, Gilbert Frankau and other prominent people, who have investigated the Hystogen Method for the British Public, are sent free on application, together with other literature, to readers of "The Bystander."

HYSTOGEN (Est. 1910), 40, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.1

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In Health a Comfort *In Sickness a Boon*

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE

THERMEGA LTD.
Manufacturers of Electric Blankets and Pads
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OBESITY

THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS

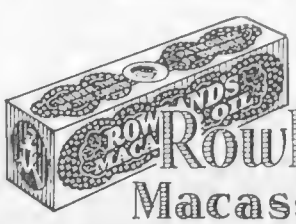
quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks) sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, WELFORD RD., LEICESTER BOX 89

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON 10/- OR £1 PER MONTH.

Open a credit account with **Smartwear**. No deposit, no references required. No extra for outsizes. Visit our Showrooms or write for Ladies' Catalogue Dept. A.16, "Smartwear for Gentlemen," Dept. T, **Smartwear Ltd., Radnor House, 93-97, Regent St., London, W.1.** 'Phone: Regent 2371.

Why go grey?

Greyness is frequently due to nothing more than lack of nourishment at the roots, which results in suspension of the pigment-producing agency. In such cases, after Rowland's Macassar Oil has been rubbed well into the scalp for a few days a renewed activity of the roots often becomes apparent and soon the natural colour is restored.



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Patterns and Self-measurement Forms on application

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New Address: 20, REGENT ARCADE (Near Oxford Circus)
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Formerly of 219, Oxford Street, London, W.1

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

The Soul of Hospitality

In each glass of this fine Brandy lies the soul of hospitality. Here is a worthy Cognac, distilled and matured in the Cognac district, the birthplace of true Brandy.

Castillon has an elegance of bouquet and distinction of flavour which hands a subtle compliment to those to whom you offer it. Make this your guiding rule "Castillon, for hospitality and health."

Buy Castillon Cognac Brandy in whole and half bottles or handy pocket flasks from wine and spirit merchants or the principal stores. *Should you have any difficulty please write to us, The London Agents, 85, Turnmill Street, E.C.1.*

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BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST

William

Your Hair Waved by Clean Harmless STEAM

Specimen Sachet and Booklet, "The Eugène Method," post free from EUGÈNE, LIMITED, DOVER STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.

This patented Eugène Sachet coaxes the hair into beautifully soft and natural waves by means of tiny jets of clean harmless STEAM. There are no acceptable substitutes for Eugène Sachets... only the genuine have the patented perforated steam tab, an exclusive feature of the Eugène Method. Be sure your Hairdresser uses genuine Eugène Sachets —26 to 36 for each wave. You'll know them by the Eugène trade mark on each Sachet.

eugène PERMANENT WAVES

DOGS

INTERESTING FOREIGN BREEDS

By Lady Kitty Ritson

Above and on the right are seen some of Sir Edward Chichester's Fink Spets, a breed of dog very much in favour in Finland, where they are used for hunting elk and other game. They have very affectionate natures

WHILE I am very glad to see introduced into the ring varieties of foreign breeds, and to note the enthusiasm with which they are regarded, yet at the same time I hope that these novelties from abroad will not cause the neglect of some of the British breeds which have lately been just a little neglected. I would like to see more fanciers, for instance, for the "Dandy." He is a thorough little sportsman, and really the progenitor of many of the more popular Scottish breeds of to-day. Although there has been a slight increase in the popularity of Dalmatians, this breed is still in danger, and has only survived owing to the efforts of a few determined fanciers; while that glorious breed, the Gordon Setter, appears to be almost extinct.

Photographs *Fox Photos*

AT the Kennel Club Show you see more varieties of dogs than at any other (excepting, perhaps, Cruft's), and you have the opportunity of seeing foreign dogs, which is always an interesting section, as here you meet the dogs that do not yet exist in sufficient numbers to enable them to have a class to themselves. For the far-seeing dog-breeder this foreign dog class is an interesting speculation, for amongst the newcomers, numbering now perhaps only three or four entries, you may find the popular fancy of the near future. A few years ago Alsatians might have been noticed in this section, and nobody thought much about them; now they are one of the breeds that produce the largest number of entries at all shows, and, in spite of the propaganda against them, one of the most popular and easily selling breeds.

THIS year Sir Edward Chichester's Finks Spets were the most admired of all the foreign dogs at the Kennel Club Show, and they are certainly very fascinating. Their size makes them very easy to keep in the house (they are about the height of a small Airedale), and their glorious rich red coats are exceptionally handsome. They have prick ears and dark eyes, with curled tails, and are used in Finland for hunting elk and other game. They are much lighter dogs than elkhounds or Keeshonden, and easier to keep clean, and they have extraordinarily affectionate natures and are neither shy nor savage. There is a great boom prophesied for them, but at the moment puppies are very difficult to procure, as there are not many in England. The accompanying illustration shows their alert expression and beautiful eyes, but does not do justice to their chestnut-tawny coats. They won first and third in Open Dogs and Brace and Team, a feat which speaks well for their soundness and charm.

WIRE-HAIRED Dachshunds, which are a comparatively new variety (in this country), made a brave show under the German judge, Herr Schaller. They are cheerful, stocky little dogs, with wire-haired coats and constantly wagging tails. I don't think I have ever met a depressed wire-haired dachshund. I always laugh when I watch "dickel" exhibitors, for they say that all dog-owners come to resemble in time the dogs they show, and certainly wire-haired dachshund exhibitors bounce along with tiny steps and widely grinning faces, very different from Alsatian owners, who course round the ring with the stride of a Marathon runner and portentous faces.

AT the Kennel Club Show you find every variety of stall from one where you can buy sweets in paper bags to Spillers, which was absolutely dazzling in its many-coloured gaiety, and provided a vivid note of colour. Here you could buy every variety of collar and lead, and at the same time receive information on the best food to give Fido, or the best medicines to restore Flossie to health. Spillers has a far-flung reputation for efficiency in dog matters.

THE next big show is the Metropolitan and Essex, held at the Crystal Palace on November 6. Entries close on October 20, and it is a show well worth a visit, particularly if you contemplate buying a winning dog.

Two days later, on November 8, Mr. Gordon-Stewart, the well-known Great Dane owner, has invited some of his Alsatian friends to bring their trained dogs to compete against his Great Danes in "races." These races are run on the principle of mechanical horses, the dogs being moved forward one or more squares according to the turn of the wheel. The dog must remain standing, and not move; if he does so, he is disqualified.

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On Tuesday, November 4, a special ball in aid of the Ivory Cross National Dental Aid Fund will be held under the presidency of Her Grace the Duchess of Portland at the Kit-Cat Restaurant. Tickets for this ball, which will include C. B. Cochran's Special Cabaret arranged by Sonnie Hale, cost £1 1s. each, and can be obtained from Mrs. Norman Freudenthal, vice-chairman of the ball; Mrs. D'Arcy Stephens, deputy chairman of the ball; Miss Fletcher, the founder and honorary secretary, 67, Welbeck Street, W.1; and members of the Committee. The Ivory Cross does really sterling work, and is the only organised charitable dental service providing throughout the British Isles treatment by surgeon dentists, and those who buy tickets for the ball will have the double satisfaction of spending a really enjoyable evening and helping a most deserving cause at the same time.

In Egypt

In our issue of October 8 we published a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. John Roland Robinson honeymooning in Egypt. Owing to an error on the part of the photographer from whom the picture in question was received, we stated that Mrs. Robinson, who before her marriage was Miss Maisie Gasque, is the heiress to the Woolworth millions. We now learn that this is an inaccuracy, and therefore hasten to correct any misapprehension to which the remark in question may have given rise.

TAKING THEIR PLEASURES GLADLY

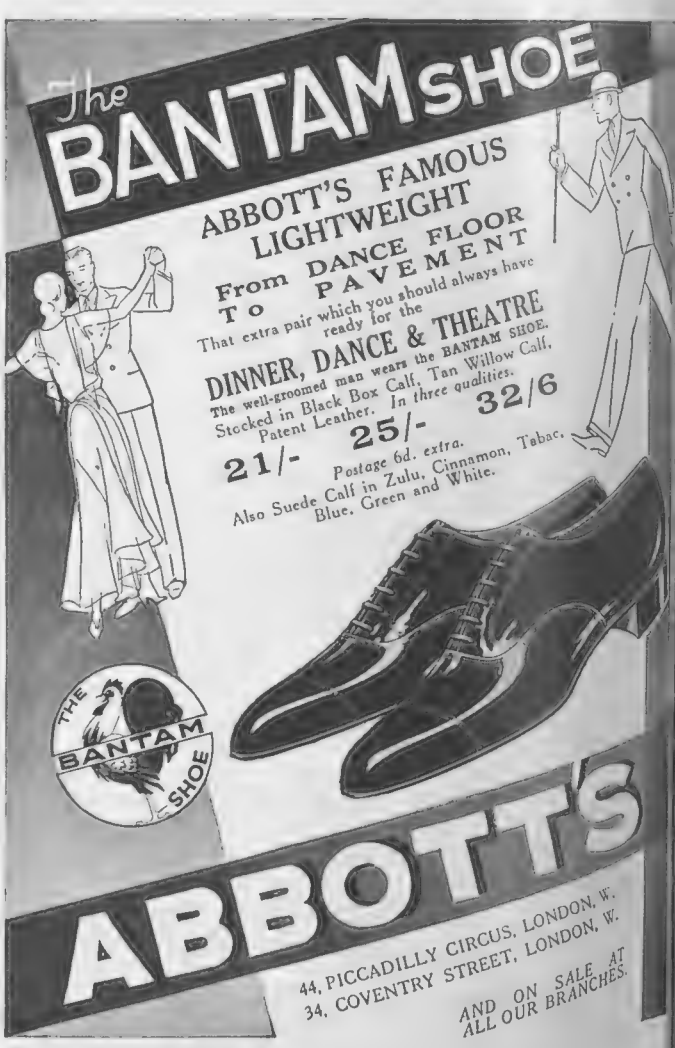
A jolly party enjoying the pleasures of surf-board planing with a Thornycroft Seahawk speed boat

Armistice Day in the Hunting Field

Masters of hounds are earnestly requested to arrange for "caps" to be taken at meets on or nearest to Remembrance Day on Tuesday, November 11. This appeal will be devoted to the assistance of distressed ex-Service men of all ranks, their dependants, and the widows and children of the fallen. Further information may be obtained from Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., organising secretary, Earl Haig's (British Legion) Appeal Fund, 26, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

"Biography for Beginners"

A fifth edition of this entertaining book of quotations by E. C. Bently, to which G. K. Chesterton provides the illustrations, has been included in the Eclectic Library edition. Published by T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., at 3s. 6d., it proves as amusing to-day as it did on its first appearance in 1905, and the author of that classic thriller, "Trant's Last Case," was equally happy in this strain of inconsequential and brilliant foolery as he was in more serious vein.



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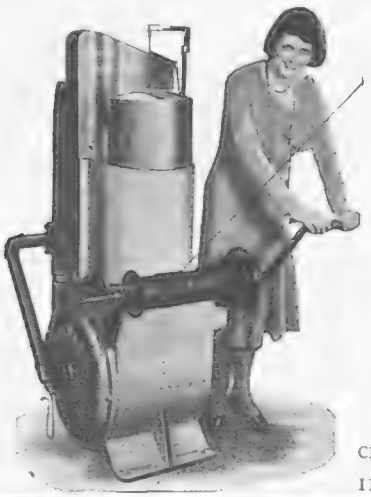

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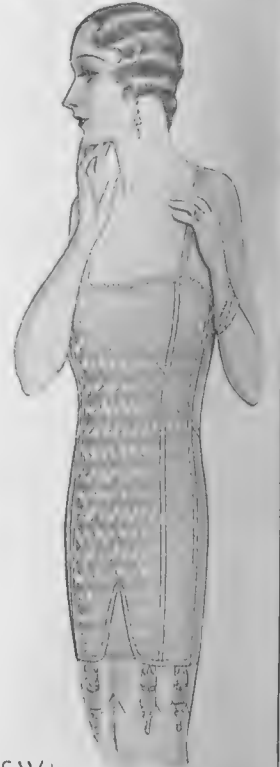

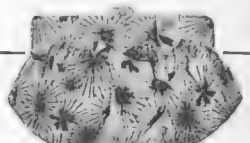

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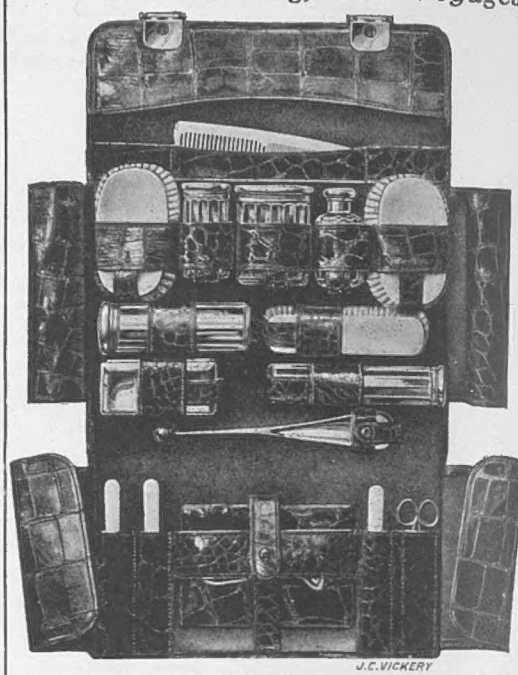

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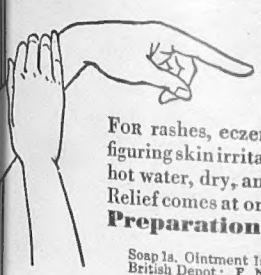

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